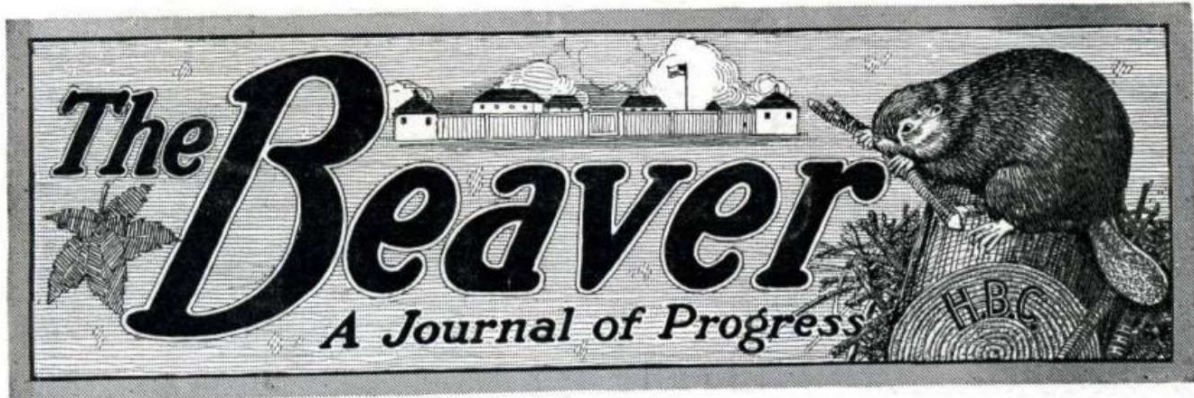


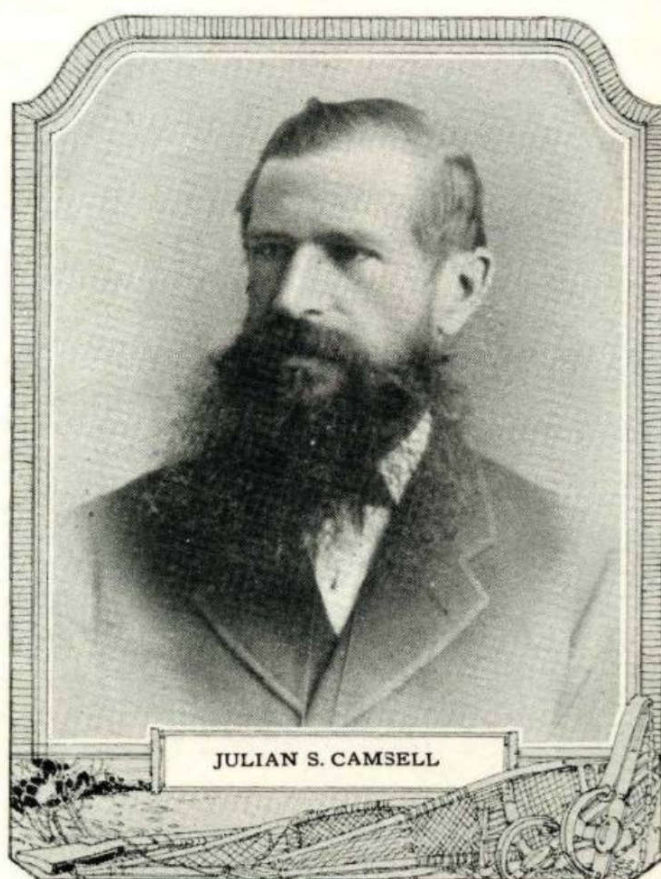


Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

"The Men of the Hudson's Bay"

—OLDTIME FUR TRADE OFFICERS
OF THE "GREAT COMPANY"

IV



CHIEF FACTOR JULIAN S. CAMSELL entered the service as an apprentice clerk in 1855. He became a junior chief trader in 1872. The following year, 1873, Mr. Camsell became a commissioned officer with the rank of chief trader. In 1878 he was made a factor, and in 1884 a chief factor with headquarters at Fort Simpson, Mackenzie River district. He visited many H.B.C. posts in his official capacity, but his entire service was in this district. Mr. Camsell retired from the fur trade in 1903 and died 16th January, 1907.

253 Years Old May 2nd

*Hudson's Bay Company, Oldest Firm in the World, Celebrates 253rd Birthday This Month—
The Royal Charter of 1670 and What It Led To.*

By H. LEE WILLSON



O Canadians—particularly those of the western provinces who can realize how young this country is—it may seem strange that a great British company this month will celebrate its 253rd year of continuous activity in western Canada.

Eleven department stores, five wholesale establishments, three land offices and over two hundred fur trade posts in Canada will quietly celebrate the anniversary of the Company this month, recalling more than two and a half centuries crowded with episodes that have made Canadian history.

The *oldest* company in the world domiciled in one of the *youngest* nations! The Dominion of Canada has been organized but fifty-three years, the United States one hundred and forty-seven; yet this Canadian company was carrying on trade in the northwest long before the American revolution, before Wolfe stormed the heights of Quebec, while eastern Canada was yet New France.

Two hundred and fifty-three years ago on May 2nd, the Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated by royal charter signed and sealed under the hand of the "merrie monarch," King Charles the Second, who thereby granted to his cousin Prince Rupert and associate "Adventurers of England" the exclusive right to carry on trade in the hitherto unexplored wilderness centering about Hudson Bay in North America.

The Company were declared to be the "True and Absolute Lords and Proprietors" of the unknown north. By this royal charter, powers were given the Company to make laws for their vast domain, to impose penalties and punishments and to judge in all causes, civil and criminal, according to the laws of England. They were given permission to employ armed force if necessary, to appoint commanders and erect forts.

From the viewpoint of today, it seems curious that a king should have had the power to dispose of vast unexplored territories in this summary manner. But such power had been exercised for centuries by European monarchs. It was the most practicable means for encouraging the exploration and settlement of distant and savage lands. The method of issuing royal charters to companies gave the best opportunity for the establishment of colonies by England, France, Holland, Spain and Portu-



gal. The system of limited liability companies had not been invented, and such enterprises were too great to be undertaken by private individuals.

The Hudson's Bay Company was but one of many chartered companies formed in England. Many failed through faulty organization or bad management; others through want of capital. But the principal reason that the Hudson's Bay Company has alone survived has been the readiness to adapt itself to the changing conditions of the centuries.

The charter of a king creating the new British overseas domain of "Rupert's Land" was but the symbol and formal instrument of a history full of great consequences. It calls up pictures of early sailing vessels beating through the ice-infested waters of Arctic seas; it carries us to ancient fur trade forts of the Hudson's Bay Company dotted over half a continent of northern wilds; it takes us for thousand-mile journeys in birchbark canoes down cascading rivers, through deep, cool, placid lakes, and across countless labored portages, straining under the tumpline, to yet other gleaming lakes and other swift streams, undiscovered and unnamed, leading to the back of beyond; it brings us in close touch with the Indians and Eskimos, the now vanished buffalo herds, caribou and moose, beaver, bear, otter, fisher, fox and all the other fur bearers of the Company's great northern territory.

The real power of the royal charter was derived not from the remarkable authority and privileges which it granted but from the wise manner in which its powers were used by the Company for such an amazing stretch of time.

From earliest times, the confidence and respect of the Indians were won by the Company's wise and good treatment of them. No army was ever maintained; yet, with the exception of a few trifling outbreaks, there was unbroken peace between the Company and the Indians for two hundred years.

The Company owes its origin and growth to the fur trade; in fact, the fur trade was the sole interest of the Company for two hundred years from the time of its incorporation up to 1870, when the provinces of Canada were confederated. During that two hundred years, the Company also participated in the work of discovery; in explorations which have led to the growth of great cities in the west and the development of a granary here for the world. The Company has contributed to the building of a mighty empire, carved from the great territory which it so long ruled with its factors and fur brigades.

The map of Canada perpetuates the names of the Company's explorers, fur trade officers and forts. The more important cities and towns of the west have grown up on the sites of Hudson's Bay trading posts, notably, Fort William, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, Kamloops, Vancouver and Victoria.

In 1870, two hundred years after the granting of the charter, many of its most important conditions were cancelled by agreement. The Company surrendered its right to the vast area over which it had held sway for two



centuries. In return, the new Dominion of Canada gave the Company approximately a million and a half dollars in cash and certain land grants to be spread over fifty years, under which arrangement the Company has received about seven million acres of undeveloped farming lands in the prairie provinces.

As the march of settlement in western Canada pushed back the boundaries of the fur preserves, Hudson's Bay Company forts and posts became general stores, catering to the multifarious wants of the newer population. As villages and towns grew to cities, many of these country stores and general stores became department stores, some of large dimensions employing hundreds of people.

Now the three-fold activity of fur trade, lands and stores has made the Company not less but greater than under the old regime before the Deed of Surrender, when they were called the Lords of the North.

Prince Rupert, the Duke of York (afterwards King James II) and Lord Churchill (afterwards Duke of Marlborough) were the first three governors of the Company in the seventeenth century; Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal was another distinguished governor of more recent times, and today the ancient Company is presided over by Sir Robert Kindersley, G.B.E., who said during the 250th Anniversary Celebrations in 1920:

"The Company has good reason to feel that the people of Canada take pride in an institution most of the activities of which are carried on in Canada, which has its roots in the remote past and a record which is unique in the history of trading corporations. The highest prosperity of the Company is, and must continue to be, bound up with the welfare of Canada, and it is no exaggeration to say that the future of the Company depends upon the efficiency of the service it renders to the country it has helped to make."



*A Copy of Mr. Richd. Staunton's
Commission, May 17th, 1723*

The Governor, & Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay.

To Mr. Richd. Staunton—

By Vertue of ye Power, & Authority to us given by King Charles ye Second, by his Letters Pattens under ye Great Seal of England, bearing Date ye 2d May in ye 22d Year of his Reign: we do hereby constitute and appoint, you to be Governor, & Chief Commander at Albany Fort, Slood River, & places adjacent in Hudson's Bay, in ye Nor'-west parts of America, to use & exercise ye S'd. Government, & Command, during our Pleasure, & all our Commandg. of Ships, & Vessels in those

parts, & all other our Officers, & Persons whatsoever, which are or shall be employed by us within ye Limits Aforesd., are to yield obedience to you, and you are to follow such orders & directions, as you shall from time to time receive from us, or from ye Governor, Deputy Governor, & Committee; of ye said Company (for ye time being) given under our Common Seal ye 15th Day of May 1723, & in ye Ninth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George, of Great Britain, France, & Irland, King Defendr. of ye Faith, &ca.

By Order of ye Governor, Deputy Governor, & Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company

p Wm. Potter

Hudson's Bay House, ye 17th May 1723.

ON FURLOUGH FROM THE ARCTIC

Herbert Hall, Northman of Herculean Stamp, Returns to Civilization After Five Years—Has Broken Hard Trails for H.B.C. in Many Districts of the Northwest

A SPLENDID type of the Hudson's Bay fur trader of today is Herbert H. Hall, district manager for the western Arctic, who is the son of a former H.B.C. fur trade Commissioner and whose three brothers have also served the old Company in the far north.

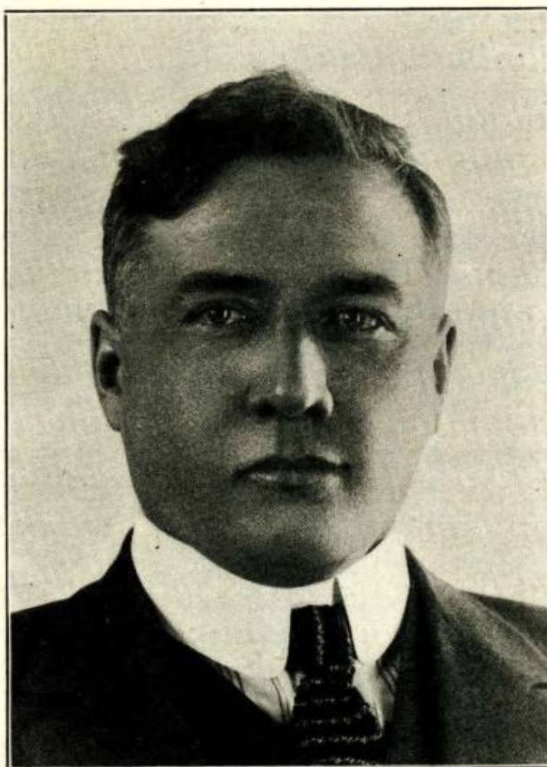
Physically, Mr. Hall is such a man as one might expect the north to produce—six feet one, two hundred sixty-five pounds of brawn. Beside average men he bulks like a Goliath, yet without corpulence. His is the piercing eye of a rifleman; the iris is cold-keen blue and the whites are clean as milk, evidence of a superb health and steady nerve.

At forty-three, he still travels long distances on foot, driving his own dogs. Few natives could out-"mush" him today. But ten years ago H.B.C. men who knew him around the Bay say that no Eskimo or Indian could keep pace with him on the trail.

In those days he was exploring the wilderness for new H.B.C. post sites; carrying the packet and freighting supplies by dog team between Chesterfield Inlet and Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay.

This was the most arduous route in all the Company's great territory. It is a savage land, whipped by winter gales, with practically no growth of any kind to shelter the lone traveller. Mr. Hall experienced a temperature of 70 degrees below zero on one of these trips. The barren Arctic waste yielded no sustenance and no comforts. A little food, the indispensable copper kettle and tea, an eiderdown robe and a Hudson's Bay point blanket, this was our fur trader's equipment.

It is said of Mr. Hall that when bannock and tea gave out he would share with his huskies their rations of raw, frozen fish, and, when every scrap of food was gone, still "mush" for



HERBERT H. HALL



Mr. Hall leaving Herschel Island, Nov., 1922, on 800 mile trip across Alaska to railhead, en route to Winnipeg

miles with greater endurance than an Eskimo.

Born near Victoria, B.C., on December 18th, 1880, Mr. Hall first joined the Service in 1896, aged 16, as apprentice clerk. At the expiration of his three-year contract, he resigned to become secretary of the St. Anthony Mining Company of Omineca, B.C., and later was engaged with the handling of supplies while the government was building the telegraph line to the Yukon and making improvements on the Skeena river. He was for more than two years in the government salmon hatchery on the Skeena.

Mr. Hall re-entered the Service in 1905, taking the post of purser on the H.B.C. steamer *Saskatchewan*, which covered an itinerary of 1100 miles from Cedar Lake in Manitoba to Edmonton. In 1906, the last freight was carried into Edmonton by the river route, as the Canadian Northern Railway reached the Alberta capital in that year.

As clerk and post manager for six years in the Saskatchewan fur trade district, Mr. Hall established Eskimo Post, 600 miles north of Prince Albert, and served at Reindeer Lake and Lac du Brochet.

In 1913, he was transferred to Chesterfield on the northwest coast of Hudson Bay and spent four years exploring for new H.B.C. post sites and in connection with the development of the trade at Chesterfield. He established Baker Lake Post at the head of Chesterfield inlet, 200 miles from the coast.

After a six months' furlough in 1917, Mr. Hall was transferred as post inspector for the western Arctic, with headquarters at Herschel Island, 100 miles from the mouth of the Mackenzie in the Arctic ocean. In 1918 he became district manager, succeeding Chris Harding, who had opened the district four years previously and was now transferred to York Factory. Since going to the western Arctic, Mr. Hall has established Tree River, Shingle Point, Demarcation Point and Kent Peninsula posts for H.B.C., all of these being on the Arctic coast from Coronation gulf to the Alaskan boundary.

Mr. Hall fluently speaks Eskimo, Cree and Chipewyan, and has the distinction of being the only H.B.C. district manager to escape matrimony.

BLOWHARD, THE CREE

By Robert Watson, Saskatoon

*You brag about hunting, by gee!
Well, I'm Blowhard, the full-blooded Cree.
You may tell all you know
And I'll make it look slow,
For your tall stuff have nothing on me.*

*There was me, and my squaw, and papoose,
And thirteen more kids, running loose.
We go long way on trail
For the big Fort Macphail,
On the bare, barren shore of Lake Moose.*

*The kids make one hullaballoo;
For the hunger was eatin' them through.
There was nothing in sight
As we camp for the night—
Make me feel just like drown all the crew.*

*I have only one shot in my gun;
I tell you, that not too much fun.
I have sixteen to feed,
So I must get a bead
On some bull-moose who weigh 'bout a ton.*

*In the morning I wake, just by luck;
Think maybe I hear "quack" or "cluck."
And, by gosh, how I quake!
I look out on the lake;
In a circle I see sixteen duck.*

*I swear, for I must bag the lot.
But how to get them with only one shot?
All my kids to be fed,
I go scratch on my head.
Then I think up a good first-class thought.*

*There, sixteen good duck on the trail,
Each duck swim by other duck's tail
In a circle—one half.
Yes, you go for to laugh—
But I'm Blowhard, and he never fail.*

*I catch up my gun, sure, by gee!
So I bend him, half hoop, on my knee;
And as quick as a hoot
I go raise him and shoot;
Then for time feel all scared inside me.*

*That bullet he swing good and true;
He shoot sixteen duck through and through.
He come back with a spat
And he riddle my hat,
Then he drop at my feet, good as new.*

*Yes, I'm Blowhard, the full-blooded Cree.
I'm a hunter, you bet! And, by gee!
Just to prove what I did,
See!—the hole in my lid—
All your cock and bull shots can't fizz on me.*

—From *Mad Minstrel*, Ryerson Press, Toronto.

The old photographers used to make their sitters say "plum" just before they were "taken." The act of saying "plum" makes the human face look its best.

The Land of Silence

(Continued from last issue)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of *Kasba* (William Briggs)

BUT you won't hear me explain," complained the boy weakly.

"Explain!" exclaimed his father in a loud, bitter voice. "I'll hear no explanations, not a word! I've heard enough already to condemn you fifty times over."

"Oh, you'd stick up for the girl, of course," said Alec with half defiant petulance. "Even against your own son! Why, she is an *Indian*, and no one knows better than you what they are."

The shaggy brows of MacDonald drew together.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" he demanded sternly.

"You know very well," advanced the young man. "They have no morals."

"I know nothing of the kind," retorted the elder man sharply. Then all at once a look of disgust came upon his face. "Oh, I see," he said with fine scorn, making a gesture with his hand of contempt and ridicule, "you were ensnared! You are the victim! But enough of that for the present. What of this other matter, you unprincipled fellow? Your conversation with that blackguard tells me that it was you, my son, who deceived Bob Armstrong into bringing that case of whisky on his sled and when it was discovered allowed him, your boyhood friend, to be arrested in your place. Good God! My son did this! My son a man without the moral courage to take the consequences of his own evil practices; a man utterly destitute of honor!" There was a tremulousness in his bushy eyebrows, his voice broke, and he said huskily, "My son! my son!" The next moment, however, he had recovered his self-possession.

"Oh, you've always treated me in this harsh manner," said Alec sullenly, giving utterance to any thought which would confuse the point at issue, "suspecting me, insulting, tyrannizing over me. You've no more regard for my feelings than you have for those of a dog."

"I have never tyrannized over you, or trampled upon your feelings, as you say," denied the father with a cold severe voice.

"You've always been severe with me," contended Alec. "You have never treated my sister in this way."

"Hold! there's an end to it! I know now how to act. Had you shown the least sign of repentance, now that your whole infamy is discovered, I would have still stood by you."

"Oh, you've talked before of acting. Well, how do you mean to act? What do you mean to do?"

"You shall see," and, going hastily to the door, Mr. MacDonald threw it open and called in a loud voice, "Rogers! Rogers! Rogers!"

At the third call a voice replied from a distance, "Yes, sir," and footsteps were heard quickly approaching over the crisp snow. "Coming, sir." Another instant and Rogers stood in the doorway. "You called me, sir?"

"Shut that door," commanded the chief factor, who had come back to Alec on receiving a reply to his call.

The newcomer complied.

"Come here, please."

Rogers came forward, looking askance first at one and then the other of the men.

Alec fidgeted nervously.

"Go, find Inspector Blake," commanded Mr. MacDonald peremptorily, addressing the clerk and at the same time flashing his son an angry glance.

The latter started and began to look anxious. His face grew still more deadly pale than before. A thousand horrible anticipations filled his head. Trial, imprisonment, he knew not what, for he had a vague terror of the law, and had heard enough of its rigors in regard to the offence of smuggling to fill him with alarm.

"Find him, and tell him to come here at once." Tell him that the owner of that case of whisky is my son," MacDonald spoke the last words in a sudden agitation.

Rogers started forward with an exclamation of dismay and stared questioning into the sullen eyes of the accused.

"Good God, Alec!" he burst out in despair at the threatened calamity, "has it come to this?"

"You shut up!" commanded the culprit savagely, glaring at the speaker. Then, turning and addressing his father, "So you'd give me up to the police?" he said. "You'll let me go to jail, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, I will," replied the father promptly, in a tone there was no misunderstanding. "The law shall take its course." Then, "Why do you stand there staring?" he asked, turning to Rogers, who still lingered, for the first time in his experience loath to carry out the factor's orders.

"By heavens!" MacDonald thundered, "Am I to repeat my orders? Off with you, at once!"

"But—surely—sir," began the poor fellow, desiring to propitiate his master, yet fearful.

"What!" cried that gentleman in a great passion. "You dare stop to argue! Be off, I say, or, by the Lord, I'll show you!"

"Yes, sir," gasped Rogers, who literally jumped out of the door.

Then there was a tense silence, during which the outraged father regarded his wicked son with scornful condemnation. The lad was really seriously alarmed. He fidgeted uncomfortably under the prolonged gaze of his parent. He waited a long time for him to speak, and at last broke the silence himself.

"You're just trying to scare me," he ventured in a shaking voice.

"Don't delude yourself," maintained his father icily. "I mean every word of it."

"Yet you had enough to say about the parson giving up his son," sulked Alec.

"Because I knew Bob to be innocent," his father burst forth. "Bob is a noble fellow,

without the least suspicion of deceit in his make-up; while *your* whole life has been nothing but deception. Had you been like Bob you would have been a great comfort to me instead of a curse."

"You're always throwing Bob in my face, dinning his virtues in my ears. You wouldn't believe me even if I told you that I am sorry, repent."

"Too late. It is easy enough to say you are sorry when you are found out, and repentance is a virtue of which you have no practical knowledge. You are utterly without a sense of shame or of decency. I can hold no hope of your reformation."

Alec was about to reply when the inner door opened and his mother came into the kitchen.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Breaking Point

MRS. MACDONALD was in a strangely nervous state, and the uxorious husband regarded her uneasily. His face displayed great solicitude. She glanced at Alec with a look of deep reproach and sorrow, then slowly turned to her husband with overwhelming sympathy in her eyes. "Oh, Duncan!" It was a pitiful, sobbing interruption. She swayed ever so slightly. She took a hesitating step forward, then drew back, her breast heaving, her delicate fingers interlacing.

Swiftly going up to her and taking her in his arms, "What is it, Alice? What distresses you?" he asked, endeavoring to soothe her.

Gently yet firmly releasing herself, the distressed woman announced, in a voice that quivered like the wail of a wounded animal, "I know the truth. Rogers has just been in to tell me."

"The fool!" exclaimed her husband, striking his hands together.

"No, Duncan, be not angry with poor Rogers. He did it for the best."

Taking a grip on his temper and forcing himself to speak almost calmly, Mr. MacDonald replied:

"Yes, he knew if you came here that I could not punish Alec as severely as I intended."

"He may have thought that," her words came evenly and coldly. "But I have not come to plead for Alec. He has sinned and must be well punished."

"Mother!" broke forth the wretched son, terrified by a transformation he would have thought impossible.

Raising her hand quickly she silenced him then and there. "He has sinned and must be well punished," she repeated. "No sentiment of mine shall ever again stand between him and your just anger." She came to a pause.

Alec's lips quivered; his whole frame trembled with shame, remorse and despair. He tried to speak, but could not; he felt suffocated and could not utter a syllable. His eyes were riveted upon his mother.

"Alice—" began the husband, greatly moved.

"I have been kept too long in the dark," continued the poor woman, with a kind of fierceness. "Such treachery as his can only proceed from persistent evil-doing. No man could be so lost to all sense of honor unless he be well acquainted with crime. I have wilfully shut my eyes to things which would have enlightened me; but I should tell an untruth if I denied that from day



Smoke IMPERIAL MIXTURE

"Canada's Famous Tobacco"

to day I dreaded to hear of some act by which he would bring disgrace upon us all."

She paused another moment with hands strained together.

Again Alec essayed to speak; but, although he opened his lips, not a sound escaped.

"I have long suspected him of having an intimate acquaintance with that man Miner," continued the mother in a low unsteady voice, "though he always denied it whenever I implored him to give it up. And what might one expect from such a connection?"

The culprit swallowed hard. He pushed the damp hair off his face. Then the pent up agony broke loose in a wild, hoarse cry:

"Mother, forgive me!" He stretched out his hands to her. For a moment only Mrs. MacDonald was visibly affected. Then, suddenly drawing herself up stiffly, her anger flared out.

"Stop!" she cried, her eyes beginning to gleam with resentment. "Appeal not to me. I brought you into the world; I have never been other than a fond mother to you since. But you have sinned against your father's honor and brought disgrace upon his fair name; that I cannot forgive." After these words she regarded her son with a long reproachful look; then turning to her husband she said, "In my blind fondness for my son, I have sinned against you, my husband."

"No, no!" soothed MacDonald.

"Yes, yes. I have placed the love I bore him before the love I had for you. To me my boy was everything, and my extravagant devotion has been his ruin. Oh, my boy! my poor, unhappy boy!" she cried, bursting into tears.

The display of emotion came very suddenly and, sobbing uncontrollably, she hid her face with her hands, her form shaking with violent

sobs and tears trickling between her delicate fingers.

"There, there, Alice," said her husband, putting his arms about her and stroking her hair soothingly, his features working under stress of emotion. "You have nothing to reproach yourself with. You have been an exemplary mother and the best of wives." And comforting her so, he led her gently away.

When they had gone, a sharp cry escaped the wretched son's ashy lips. The weak face quivered; a shiver ran through his limbs. Reckless and evil-living as he had been, he had not become hardened; he had only become degraded. His conscience, strange to say, was still very much alive. Moreover, he loved his mother passionately. Pitifully weak and vacillating in all things else, in this he was singularly sincere and strong. And now she knew him for what he was and had turned from him, if not with contempt and loathing, at least with horror and dismay. The look of infinite sorrow and reproach in his mother's eyes—eyes that had never before regarded him with anything but the profoundest tenderness and affection—pierced him to the very soul. Overwhelmed with remorse, he hid his face with his hands and rocked himself to and fro, groaning bitterly.

As he stood thus, full of anguish and repentance and rocking and groaning, a face appeared at the window and a pair of burning eyes peered in at him. Then there came a light, irregular tapping, as of nervous fingers upon the window pane. This disturbed him not. Again came the slight tapping sound. And once more it failed to pierce the young man's distracted brain. Suddenly the face of the watcher disappeared from the window and the nervous fingers tapped no more.

After a few seconds the kitchen door softly opened and Miner, trembling and wild-looking, stealthily reappeared, leaving the door partly open, as if to accelerate his retreat. He was really very much afraid. Nothing but the urgency of his case could have brought him back. His knees shook; his eyes shone like burning coals.

"For God's sake give me that ammunition and let me go," he said after an attempt to speak which was checked by a huskiness in his throat. Alec dropped his hands from his face and stared at the man.

"Give 'em to me—"

"Go to hell!" said Alec fiercely. Then he went close up to the man and made a swift movement toward the lapels of his coat. Both hands gripped the fellow like a vise. "Curse you," he growled, showing his teeth with a kind of snarl, "I have broken my mother's heart, the heart of the best mother that a boy ever had." His pale eyes blazed. "I curse the day I ever saw you." And savagely pushing the fellow toward the door, he commanded, "Get out of here!" The young man seemed to be very resolute all of a sudden. In truth he and Miner seemed to have changed natures.

"Give me those cartridges," the latter entreated, searching his face. In Alec's eyes there was no flicker of relenting. "Listen, and I'll give it to you straight. I've got to be away from here by noon or the Mounties will be on my track. Come, you won't go back on a pal," he pleaded. Fear, blind, pitiful fear was written upon that face that had once been so smooth and complacent. Then all at once, as an angry, menacing figure suddenly appeared from some-

where and bounded towards him, he turned and fled.

"Out of my way, boy," shouted Mr. MacDonald, finding Alec blocking his path.

"Let him go, father," said the lad now strangely calm, "I will pay the penalty alone."

He spoke in such resigned tones that his father looked at him in surprise. Alec encountered his parent's eye fearfully but firmly.

"Very good," agreed Mr. MacDonald, abandoning all thoughts of pursuit, "he shall go. It is of some comfort to me to find there is at least a semblance of the man in your makeup."

There was an almost imperceptible shake in the stern voice. For a second he showed signs of softening, then suddenly stiffened again and went on in a hard voice, which yet had something tremulous, making it quite different to that which he had hitherto used.

"But you have forfeited all love I had for you, and I will never own you again or recognize you in any sense, shape or way. I could forgive your faults and pardon all the wrong you have done me personally, but you have been guilty of the blackest treachery toward a man to whom I am under the deepest obligation."

He paused for a short space and went to the door.

"I will not hand you over to the inspector as I spoke of doing," he said, with his hand on the latch. "I will allow you to escape the consequences of your villainy in the hope that you may live to atone for your past errors, but I will lend no hand to help you. Therefore—" throwing the door wide open, "Go!"

But before the culprit could take one step, Rev. Armstrong appeared upon the threshold. He entered the room briskly, firmly closing the door behind him. He had heard something of the particulars from Rogers, and his warm heart instantly prompted him to endeavor to put matters right.

"Come, old friend," he said, turning to the factor with a serious smile, "judge not too severely. We are all sinners and none free from weakness as well as folly. Peace has been disturbed in this house, but let us hope it has not been destroyed."

"For God's sake, parson," protested MacDonald, with fierce impatience, "give us no sermons. My—er—that boy standing there, who was *once* my son—"

Armstrong opened his mouth to speak, but the enraged father silenced him peremptorily with a gesture.

"He is bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh; yet at the same time a cowardly young villain and a treacherous friend. You, who are so fond of preaching, tell me, what have I done to deserve this? Why did God create such a heartless young blackguard?"

"Mankind are more what they are made by mankind than what they are made by their Creator," moralized the clergyman.

"What!" thundered Mr. MacDonald, "dare you insinuate that I—"

"I insinuate nothing, old friend," interrupted the other man quietly. "You questioned the wisdom of the Creator, and I—"

"Would read me a homily," retorted Mr. MacDonald with a savage laugh. "But I am in no mood for lectures. If when Bob was arrested you had practised a little of what you wish to preach to me, I might be more ready to hear you. But, while we are arguing, we are lessening this

fellow's chance of escape. The inspector may be here at any moment."

The parson shook his head.

"No," he said, "the inspector cannot be here for some time. Failing to find Robert, he set out with his men for the scene of the corporal's gruesome discovery. But surely you intend to do something to save the lad from the disgrace of arrest?"

"No," returned Alec's father in a cold, severe voice. "I have cast him off forever. I will not raise a hand to assist him, but I will not hinder his escape."

At this Alec moved away, yet turned back once more.

"Father," he said, speaking quietly—evidently he felt the ignominy of his position—"won't you say good-bye?" He held out his hand.

For answer his father turned his back upon him.

"I am going away and may never see you again," urged the lad with a break in his voice. Then, as his parent gave no sign of having heard, he went on, "It is my own fault, I know. I have brought disgrace upon you and cannot expect you to act otherwise. However, regrets are useless. When I go from this room, I go out of your life, perhaps forever. I have broken my mother's heart," he choked a little, "and dare not look upon her dear face again, but I should like to clasp your hand just once more."

By way of answer the chief factor shook his head.

"No?" queried the young fellow with a deep sigh. "Well, I cannot blame you. You think my repentance is all a sham, but in that you are mistaken. I have felt a longing for an altered life, and have been meaning for some time to turn over a new leaf; but in order to conceal one offence I have had to commit another, and the opportunity to break with my bad companions has never been afforded. Oh," he cried desperately, "you do not know what it means to lead the sort of life that I have led. It has been hell for me, this evil life with its deception, its ever-present fear of detection, and I am glad it is over. My mother's face was as the face of an accusing angel—"

Mr. MacDonald moved restlessly, but kept his back toward the speaker.

"Your stern eyes seemed to see through and through me, and many times I was on the verge of making a clean breast, but the thought of your great respectability made me afraid."

On a sudden the factor swung round with both hands stretched out. "My poor boy," he began huskily, then stopped abruptly, hesitated; then, stamping his foot, said, "Lies, lies! all a tissue of lies! Begone, you young rascal! Begone! I know you too well to believe a word of it." With that he turned his back again.

The lad's eyes filled; he sighed heavily. Then, turning and addressing the parson, he said, "Good-bye, Mr. Armstrong," and he made to go.

But the parson held out his hand with a grave smile.

Alec stopped and stared incredulously.

"What!" he asked, "you would take my hand?"

The Rev. Armstrong nodded, still smiling.

"After what I have done! Surely you do not understand. I tried to get you disgraced—to drive you out of the place."

"My dear boy," began the parson, with a melancholy kindness of voice. "Who am I that I should judge you? Are my own hands so



Smoke

IMPERIAL MIXTURE

"Canada's Famous Tobacco"

clean that I dare condemn another? When it is only a few short hours since I, a professing Christian and a missionary, told a deliberate falsehood!"

He hung his head.

"And by so doing proved you were human after all," the factor threw over his shoulder.

"God forgive me," said Armstrong fervently.

"Bah!" snapped the factor.

"I don't know to what you refer, Mr. Armstrong," said Alec gravely, after a moment's pause. "But I am sure that it cannot be anything really bad, and I cannot take your hand. I have tried to do you an injury, a great injury, sir, and I am sorry. I think I should be punished. But to remain here in order to let the law take its course would be to have my doings advertised more widely and so bring greater disgrace upon my father's name. It is better that I should go away."

"Are you not punished sufficiently?" asked the clergyman with a smile of affection. "Come, shake hands! You have admitted your sins and spoken like a man, and I forgive you freely any harm you may have done me. Come, shake hands!"

Hesitating a moment longer, Alec took the proffered hand.

"Mr. Armstrong," he said with a tremulous voice, "you heap coals of fire upon my head and make me realize more fully to what depths I have fallen. It is easy to talk; but I will do more than talk," and there was a ring of sincerity in his voice. "I will go away and live this down; and if God gives me another chance to make good in some honest livelihood, I will come back for *Little Song* and make her my wife."

(To be concluded)

THE PLAINS INDIANS

(Continued from April issue)

By REV. J. HINES

CHIEF Star Blanket also possessed a dual name. His first was given to him when a child from the fact that his mother dressed him in a blanket which was ornamented with stars; his second name, *Mis-se Min-na-hik* (big pine) was given to him on account of his size and strength displayed in carrying heavy loads across the portages when in company with the voyageurs who used to fetch the H.B. Co's freight from York factory on the coast of Hudson Bay for the interior post.

There are still a few more Indian customs I should like to write about, viz.: Polygamy was very much in vogue among the plains Indians during the buffalo period, and the cause for this is not difficult to understand. In the patriarchal days, the only way they had of showing their wealth was by the increase of their flocks and herds and the necessary servants to look after them; and, the tent life in which they passed their days not being suited for keeping a staff of domestics, for convenience sake and for the sake of propriety, the lord of the tents took to himself more wives, which gave the women greater freedom in the tent than they otherwise could have enjoyed. Now the Indian, in the days when the buffalo were plentiful, was similarly situated, and in order to become a successful and prosperous hunter he required to have a number of horses and carts, and the more of these he possessed the more help he required in the shape of young men to chase the buffalo and women to dress the robes, etc., and preserve the meat in the way that has already been explained. As it was more convenient and more remunerative for a man to be able to carry on his business by members of his own family than by hired help, he took unto himself two or more wives and reared his own hunters in his own tent. But, when the buffalo began to get scarce and the Indian found it as much as he could do to feed a small family, the practice of having more than one wife at a time began to die out, and at the time I entered upon my missionary career comparatively few of the Indians had more than one wife. The custom of acquiring wives among

the Indians was rather peculiar. There was practically little or no courtship, and it frequently happened that a woman did not know twenty-four hours before she was declared to be the wife of an Indian that she was likely to be his wife. If an Indian saw a woman that was pleasing to his eye and in other respects apparently suited to make him a wife he would speak to her father about her, but more frequently to her elder brother if she had one, and promise him a horse or perhaps two if he would intercede for him with his sister. If the father or brother was in need of a horse or two, the suitor's claim would be speedily assured and the girl would be notified of the fact.

Girls in those days had practically no say in such matters. They were parted with by their relations as though they were of no more consequence than a horse or an inferior animal. As marriages were thus lightly contracted they were easily dissolved; for as soon as a man became dissatisfied with his wife, he put her away and she was free to marry again. I am sorry to say that this method of giving and receiving daughters in marriage prevails to too great an extent at the present time, even among Indians and half-breeds who ought, owing to their education and Christian training, to know better. But I am glad to say I have met with young Indian maidens who considered themselves too important to be consigned to a man without their consent, and by asserting their will avoided an unhappy union. I have had many a time to explain to certain of the shallow-minded Indians the different position they are in now with regard to marriage from what they were in before embracing Christianity. Then a man put away his wife for any imaginary cause and no law among themselves could prevent it, but now the law is binding as "long as both shall live."

I remember a woman who lived with an Indian at Sandy Lake. Her husband was very far gone in consumption and, knowing that he was not likely to live very long, she refused to be lawfully married to him, although they were both baptised, because she was under the impression she would not be allowed to marry again after his death. I read and explained to her Rom. vii, 2-3, and then they were lawfully married.

There is one more Indian custom I would mention, though I believe it is rapidly dying out. But perhaps, as the Indians become more and more civilized and adopt the white man's customs, they will have cause to regret it; that is, if there be any truth in the eccentricities attributed to the proverbial mother-in-law. It was the custom among the Indians in the days gone by for a son-in-law and mother-in-law never to speak to each other, and the same custom applied to the daughter-in-law and her father-in-law; not that there was any unkind feeling towards each other. On the contrary, it was a form of etiquette, a method of showing their mutual respect. The general word used by them when speaking of each other was *Ne-mu-na-che-ma-kun* (the one whom I spare).

If, as I have said, English relationship of a similar kind is sometimes as troublesome as reported, would it not be well for the peace of such families if they took a leaf from the red man's code and spared each other's feelings by mutual silence? I cannot help thinking that the Indian carried this mark of respect too far. The first time I had an opportunity of seeing it in operation was in the winter of 1875 whilst I was living at White Fish Lake, when an Indian, the eldest son of the old impostor, came to see me about some member of his family who was ill at the time. David and I accompanied him home, and as we were going along we saw an old Indian woman coming towards us from the direction we were going who, owing to her advanced age, looked more like an animated bundle of blankets than anything else. The Indian saw who it was at once, and in an instant left the trail and hid himself in the bush. There he remained until the old woman had passed and was nearly out of sight. David, knowing something of this custom, though at that time it was rather antiquated with him, began to joke the man about his actions when he caught us up and asked him why he fled into the bush so suddenly. The man replied, "That was my *Mu-na-che-ma-kun* (my mother-in-law) and therefore unbecoming of me to pass near to her on the trail."

I have often been in an Indian's house when he returned from some distant place, the bearer of a message for his



Smoke

IMPERIAL MIXTURE

"Canada's Famous Tobacco"

mother-in-law, and have heard him deliver this message to his wife in an audible tone. The old mother-in-law, sitting on the other side of the room, could hear all that was said, but appeared to be taking no notice. Then, when the message had been delivered to the wife, she would turn to her mother and say, "*Ne-ka*" (my mother), and the old lady would reply, "*Mah!ka-kwi Ne Tan-nis*" (Behold! what is it my daughter?), meaning that she was all attention. The daughter then repeated the message over again direct to her mother, and, after hearing the news through her daughter, if it occurred to the old lady to ask a question, she did so through her daughter, who repeated it to her husband; and so this roundabout way of carrying on the conversation continued until the old lady's curiosity was satisfied.

It occurs to my mind that there are two or three more Indian customs I ought to relate and which may be of interest. I will begin by speaking about a law the Indians made for themselves to regulate the method for attacking a herd of buffalo. It is evident that if any single person could begin the attack

when he liked there would be the same rivalry that existed among the fur traders, as every man would be trying to steal a march on the others and this would spoil the success of the whole band, for as soon as one man exposed himself and began the chase the whole herd of buffalo would at once begin their stampede and would probably not stop again until they had put thirty or forty miles between themselves and their pursuers. So the law they made was this: When a herd of buffalo had been sighted, the band of Indians would search for a secluded spot for the purpose of pitching their tents. Then the chief of the party, after consulting his leading men, would name the time for assembling. This would be indicated by the position of the sun in the heavens. In the meantime, everyone made the best preparations he could for the chase; his weapons and ammunition would be attended to, so that nothing should be lacking or out of order, and above all the best horses would be saddled and held in readiness, so that when the exclamation *Akwa, akwa!* (now, now!) was heard all the horsemen would mount their steeds and the charge would be made simultaneously. The hunters would be followed with horses and carts accompanied by a noble army of butchers. Once the word was given to start, every man became a law unto himself. He could resort to any methods he liked to get near the buffalo, and was not under any obligation to discontinue the chase; he only stopped when his horse became exhausted.

One thing appeared to me as very remarkable, as it proved the Indian's powers of discernment.

If a band was of ordinary size, there would be perhaps twenty horsemen chasing the buffalo at the same time, each one firing and dropping his animal as they continued the chase. Sometimes, if a hunter had a good mount, he would kill six or eight animals before his horse gave out, and these would be lying in different parts of the prairie, from a few hundred yards to a mile or more apart. Besides his own animals there would be dozens of others lying about in all directions, yet in spite of this confusion each man would go back and conduct his party with the carts to the very animals he had shot down! In the excitement of the chase one would

have thought it impossible for anyone to distinguish one animal from another, as all were of the same colour, but each Indian made a mental note of the exact place the arrow or bullet that caused its death pierced the animal, as well as the condition of the ground where it fell. And all this he did as he went galloping along, loading and firing at the same time.

Now, if any man dared to steal off and begin the chase on his own account, the law of the land was that all his carts, harness and tents should be taken from him and burnt before his eyes. Perhaps some will be inclined to think the penalty was out of proportion to the offence, but it is only ignorance of the facts that would lead them to think so. Take for instance a band of forty or fifty families all going out together to make what was called their "fall hunt," that is the final hunt before winter set in. Everyone of these families would be hoping to procure sufficient meat, etc., to carry them through the winter without having to return to the plains and expose themselves to the cold, biting winds that swept the prairies during the winter months. If, through the inconsiderate act of one ambitious hunter, all their hopes were frustrated, it meant that all these families would experience very severe hardships during the winter. Knowing this, the Indians made a law that was likely to prevent such inconsiderate acts. Someone may ask, "was this law ever put into action?" I have been informed by eyewitnesses that it has been, and with good effect.

I have, I think, spoken of the Indian's fear of darkness. It was thought by them that the spirits moved about under the cover of night, and so, in order to keep them away or to distract their attention from such gloomy thoughts, they congregated in certain tents every evening about sunset and commenced singing and beating the drum, making a most hideous noise. This they kept up until daybreak, when they felt safe in going to sleep. As they seldom had urgent business to attend to, they did not get up till the day was far advanced.

I remember on one occasion—I think it was my third year in the west—a number of Indians were camped about one hundred yards from my house, when about noon we were alarmed by the firing of guns and the crying of women

and children. Going over to ascertain the cause of the excitement, in breathless silence they pointed to the sun, and, looking up, I saw it was undergoing an eclipse. Having asked what that had to do with their shooting, etc., I was told that the women and children were afraid the spirits would steal the sun from the heavens, and so the men were shooting at the sun to frighten the spirits away—another proof of the truth of what I have already said, that the Indians regarded anything, whether in heaven or on the earth, that was beyond their comprehension, as associated in some way or other with spirits.

Two Centuries Ago With H.B.C.

*Extract From Letter to Mr. Nathl. Bishop
at Churchill River, Dated at Hudson's
Bay House, London,
17th May, 1723*

Last year p. Capt. Gofton of ye *Hannah*, wee sent you a large quantity of Trading Goods, Stores & Provisions, by whose return we received ye Account of their safe Arrival with you, Confirm'd by yr. Letters of ye 2d and 11th August, which was very welcome to us, & by which you gave us hopes of your encreasing ye Trade at Churchill River, we have likewise sent you this Year, by Capt. Belcher more trading Goods than you indented for as likewise two Iron Stoves, which will save much Fireing, ye same being as we understand scarce about your parts, & since you are so well supplied with all things necessary for Trade, & Subsistence we hope to receive from you a Good Cargoe, of Great & Small Furrs, & which you seem not to doubt of wch. will be very acceptable to us.

You give us an account of your discourse, with several of ye Northern Indians, concerning their Country, which they tell you is inhabited with abundance of people, of several Nations, who have plenty of Beaver, and Small Furrs, and your thoughts are if can be brought to a Trade, will very much increase, and therefore we order you to *give them all ye encouragement you can, especially to Trade Small Furrs*, which that you may ye better effect, we order you to Trade with them, upon ye same Foot as they do at York Fort,

which Standard you have receiv'd from Governor Kelsey.

Wee receiv'd last Year amongst your Cargoe several White Fox Skins, which are of little Value, & therefore would have you discourage ye Trading of them, 3 of which are scarce worth an ordinary Fox Skin. As to Sea Horse Teeth, if you Trade any, let them be whole Teeth, ye pieces being of little or no Value.

And whereas you give us encouragement, that if your Place be Yearly Supplied with Trading Goods, you doubt not of a good Trade, we shall not fail (God willing) to do it & once more recommend to you, to *encourage ye Natives to Trade Small Furrs*, & that you will *save what Feathers you can*. As for Copper which you write us may be plenty to ye Northd. we would have you *encourage ye Indians to bring you some Samples of it*, which will give us more satisfaction than we have hitherto had.

. . . & when you see any of ye Red Iron Indians (as you call them) ask them where ye Copper lyes, whether near a River, or up in ye Main Land, & what quantities may be produced, & what value they put upon it.



Smoke
**IMPERIAL
MIXTURE**

"Canada's Famous Tobacco"

Carrying the H.B.C. Packet from Chesterfield to Churchill, 1920

Punching Ice in Hudson Bay—Marooned and Hungry—A Fight With Walrus

By W. T. PHILLIPS

(York Factory)

IN June 1920, I started off from the ice floe at Chesterfield to make the trip to Fort Churchill and York Factory by whaleboat with the packet. The morning was brisk and sharp. I gave the command, "Hoist the mainsail" and we were off southward ho, where trees, grasses and wild flowers bloom in the spring tra-la! Ice to the left of us; ice to the right of us. And in front a narrow wandering lane of water meandered between the solid banks of ice on either side. We bowled along about nine knots an hour with a favorable wind. About 5.30 p.m. sighted Marble Island. At 6 p.m. the wind changed. We had to tack hour after hour in a biting east wind, trying to make headway. We manoeuvred right and left, and at 11.30 p.m. we had not made more than two miles. We saw a floe of ice that looked safe; so we pulled the boat up, made tea, and turned into our sleeping bags. The wind had got my face, which felt hot and dry.

In the morning, we awoke to find all traces of water vanished. The ice had closed in; so we had to wait until the wind changed, which did not occur until the third day. The days and nights then were light practically all the twenty-four hours.

My face had broken out and looked like a volcanic eruption. I gave it a rest and did not wash it (a tip taken from the natives). I read, smoked, walked the ice, soliloquized, slept, got up, read some more, sang "This is the Life," recited a Robert Service poem and manicured my nails. Strange, isn't it, the things one will do when marooned? As soon as the ice cleared off a little we got the boat into the water and started. If it kept good, we should be at Churchill in six days. The floe worked up Rankin inlet. We had to go with it, instead of across. Talk about luck! We travelled about four miles, when the ice closed in again. So we pulled the

boat out and waited hour after hour, anxiously watching for an opening. Ah, there it was slowly opening; no, it was coming in again.

Look! a seal! A hurried rush for a rifle. Bang! One of the natives had "plunked a packet" into Mr. Seal and, with the aid of oars, he was brought alongside. The natives rejoiced. We ate a meal, turned in, and woke to find no change. The ice was still packed, and remained so for eleven days, long, weary, hope-lifting, hope-drifting days.

The last night on that ice I was reading when a native said the floe we were on was moving. Sure enough, a great piece had broken off and was carrying us down the inlet. We grabbed boxes, personal belongings, put them inside the boat, and pushed the lot a mile to the side where the ice had broken off. It was a strenuous job, but open water compensated for it. We sailed along for eight miles before we were closed in again. Landed, and started off in six hours, hopes rising high. We were just about at the top of the inlet. The tide was coming in and the ice crushing and crunching.

That day we moved boat, boxes and personal belongings six times in one hour—first to one side, then to the other—as the huge pieces rose up slowly and majestically and nibbled our stronghold. At last things calmed down and we started off, travelling quite a distance.

A dense fog came on. We had to land about two miles from Big island on the ice. Provisions were getting short, so we started rationing; and it was here I made my acquaintance with seal meat. The piece I had must have been lying in the sun; when cooked it had a decidedly oily and fishy taste.

We could not all leave the boat and belongings, so two men were sent off hunting while the rest stood by. We had to watch continually; for, without any notice, a big crack would open

where perhaps we had stood fifteen minutes before. We managed to get across to Big island and bag two ducks. These worked out about a large mouthful each. The two hunters failed to produce.

The ice was now in such a condition that we had to make a move. So I decided to try to reach the island with a few things we needed, and the natives were to try to get the boat near the island. This last operation took the better part of two days and was risky and hard work. However, they succeeded, and we felt more comfortable, besides keeping dry and warm. Food was now reduced again, and we went off with our rifles. If one did not shoot anything, another did; so we managed to get along. Seal meat to me then was first-rate. We had to make fire with any withered grass we could find, a long tedious job when one is hungry. Anything that came our way was food, and good, old, tough seagull made a clear bouillon. There was a lake on the island with a small island in it where seagulls were hovering and making a great noise. So I waded to this island and was successful in obtaining some gull and duck eggs.

The natives were dubious as to whether the ice would move out enough for us to proceed. A narrow channel had opened up, and we made another attempt to reach our destination, but had to abandon the idea after going six miles, a head wind driving us back. The ice seemed thicker than ever; grub was practically a shadow; and a-hunting we must go, and at once. No luck. Next day a blizzard came on. No one could go out. Our menu that day was three handfuls of ice with two strips of dried seal meat boiled—half a meal for one Eskimo. Cartridges were at a premium, and we had to do something. 'Twas early morning after the blizzard. A native, looking out, saw two seals on the ice. Two shots, and those two seals remained on the ice. Now for a feed. The journey south looked more remote than ever. The natives were pessimistic, owing to the ice travelling south. We were watching for every chance.

A south wind opened a chance up north; so we decided to try and get back to Chesterfield, as the opening seemed quite a stretch and, if the wind



Setting a trap near Moose Factory, headquarters post of H.B.C. James Bay district.

held, we could get there in three days. We pushed the boat to the open water and started back, reaching Chesterfield after five days, a thin, hungry bunch after being forty-one days out on that trip. Six days of resting and feeding, and we were ready to venture forth a second time.

The Second Attempt

On a fine night in July, we started a second time toward Churchill. Wind favorable, clear night, and all well. Baker foreland was sighted at 2.30 in the morning. Proceeding, we came to Rankin inlet, which now was practically clear of ice. What a change since the first trip! We sighted Rabbit island, made for it, cooked grub, and turned in at five p.m. Early in the morning we pulled off, and sailed along merrily until a change in the weather halted us. An east wind and rain kept us back two days.

We could land on the mainland or island now, get eggs, ducks and have a comfortable sleep, with no fear of ice. But, as we were already overdue, we pushed on whenever opportunity presented itself, landing only long enough to obtain water and stretch our legs. The landings could be made easily up to Eskimo point. After that it is a shallow shore. July 29th was a calm, warm day with fog, and we were going slowly and were well off the coast when the stillness was broken by *grunt, grunt, puff!* Sure enough, there was a walrus swimming alongside. We did not fire and he swam off. Presently two more big hulks rose up quite near the boat—a lady and gentleman walrus.

A shot, two shots, *grunt*, a dive—suspense—*bump, wallop*. The "old man" was trying to upset the boat. Up he came again with mouth open. Down he went again. One bullet must have tickled his throat. He was gargling blood and water, but that did not prevent him from having another try at the boat. Luckily we had stones as ballast besides all the other stuff. Next rise he got a volley. Killed? Not yet. Badly wounded, he swam slowly away to look for his lady. All guns were loaded again and everybody on the alert. Right ahead, another big fellow was swimming towards the boat. We were just going to "pump" him when he dived. Expectant, we looked for him rising further away from the boat, when *bump-bump*. The natives seized the oars and thumped on the boat to scare him away. He certainly was knocking us. Then right alongside, high out of the water, he appeared, a regular big he-tusker. Fury was in his eyes. *Bingo!* A shot at short range from the native who was steering, right into his mouth. A flip over and he dived. Close shave. Six inches more and his tusks would have been over the gunwale. Up he popped again. Four shots rang out. Blood spurted. This time he did not dive but slowly swam after the boat. Again we let him have it, and it spelled finish for him.

We had not fired a shot at this walrus *before he attacked the boat*. Dead game sports are walrus.

On we went. Lo, a school of walrus, grunting, puffing, and forming a kind of circle with their heads in the middle. Did we fire? We did *not*. We glided along, without letting on we knew them. Too many to get acquainted with. Odd ones here and there popped up, but we were carrying the H.B.C. packet and could not waste the time. Heading in towards land, we kept going south, fog and head winds holding us back sometimes.

We made a landing after trying four places, boiled a kettle of water, made tea, and turned in. Rising early we were ready to move, when one of the crew made signs with both arms above his head. Caribou? Where? On the ridge about a mile away.

Two of the crew went after them, and were successful in bringing back two

caribou. Right there we delayed. Out with the frying pan, and a fine large juicy steak was soon sizzling. Packing the rest of the caribou in the boat, we started away. What was that? A sail? Yes, a big one. We made towards it. It turned out to be the coast boat from Churchill going up to establish a post at or near Sentry island. We exchanged news; gave them some deer meat; and off we went, after hearing that we were about a hundred miles from Churchill. Three days more and we arrived. As the district manager, Chris. Harding, was expected any day, and the *Ss. Nascopie* was also about due, I decided to wait at Fort Churchill. So further adventures on our trip to York Factory cannot here be chronicled, as we did not make that trip.

Caribou in Northern B.C.

TO the sportsman among the inhabitants of cities the caribou is another species of big game of which a specimen is very desirable. To contrast with the moose among the mounted heads which make his den a dream-castle where he may wander with mother nature and her creatures of the wilds it makes a magnificent trophy.

The woodland caribou, southern representative of the barren ground caribou, occupies very much the same territory as the moose, though usually higher up in the mountains. Both the bull and the cow have antlers—those of the cow slender, those of the bull irregular, large and heavy as compared with those of the more common deer.



Port Harrison post of H.B.C., northeast coast of Hudson Bay, established 1921.



H.B.C. Motor Boat "Ajpa" of Wolstenholme Post of H.B.C., Hudson Straits.

To the hunter or prospector who is usurping its domain it falls an easy victim. The meat is a welcome change from that of the moose, yet not so satisfying, particularly if one has to eat it regularly.

To the Indian it is a never failing supply of meat and is useful in other ways.

From the raw or partly tanned hide the Indian woman makes the fine *babiche* used in filling snowshoes.

The skin, when tanned and smoked, is lighter and softer than that of the moose, and so is better for making gloves, fancy slippers or novelties. Also from this skin she makes clothes such as shirts, pants and coats for use during winter, when they keep out the cold, piercing wind. During wet weather, however, either mooseskin or caribou skin is poor for keeping out water. These clothes, more particularly the coats, when adorned with fringes or strips of fur or fancy patterns worked, beads, silk thread, or dyed porcupine quills, are sought after by curio collectors.

As caribou congregate in large bands during the winter, they are more easily killed than moose. Being considerably smaller than moose, the wolves kill more. In spite of these facts they still roam the woods and mountains in large numbers, and remain one of our most important big game animals.—*Cyril Elkington, Old Fort Babine.*

H.B.C. Historical Exhibit

During April, visitors to the exhibit have come from the following distant points: Hamilton, Bermuda; Hastings, Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, New Zealand; Kiami, New South Wales; Minneapolis, New York; Kentucky; London, Birmingham, Felixstowe and other points in England.

During the Easter holidays many of the children attending the various schools of the city visited the exhibit and seemed to be greatly interested in all they saw.—*E. F. Hardiman.*

A Spring interior in the modern style—

The morning sun pouring through curtains of white dimity onto cool grey walls. A table of brown oak in the centre of the silent room, and on the table a stone jar with daffodils.

People in England subsisted without tea till about 1650, when its price was from £6 to £10 a pound. But there has always been scandal!

VANCOUVER



H.B.C. Hiking Club

We started off March 18th for Lynn Creek and had an enjoyable time. We camped at the intake for lunch and the coffee was certainly worth the hike, as thirty-six hungry mouths testified.

Again a good time was had on March 25th, when we trekked to the lighthouse at Point Atkinson. The sun shone brightly, and the passage over in the ferry was glorious. No time was lost on the north shore, and we hit the trail with the lid off.

Everything went fine and dandy till we reached Caulfields, when the first-aid kit came into use. A blister had sprung up on a young lady's foot.

Minor details like sticking in mud and being slapped in the face by branches did not detract from the time of our young lives. Incidentally it was not only the young folks that attended; one in our midst had arrived at his 61st milestone, and kept the youngsters company in pounding the trail.

Made straight for the beach at lunch time and all attended to the wants of the inner man. Yells of "Take your beans out of the fire" or "The coffee is ready now" could be heard. Three of our members went in paddling. Who hid Mr. Penney's shoes? And who was it suggested that the party with the unquenchable thirst bring along a man-sized cup with her next time?

At the lighthouse, the keeper showed the party how the light worked. One or two of us repeated in our sleep, "Flash, flash; three seconds, then flash, flash again, etc."

The home trail was traversed in good time, *les petite enfants* rushing ahead. When we next saw them they were washing faces, knees, etc., and of course eating, always eating.

We stopped around at Nurse McFarlane's cottage at Weston, catching the 7 p.m. ferry for home.—L. Turner

A quiet wedding was solemnized on March 12th at the West Point Grey Presbyterian church, when Sarah Anne Grant (late of mantle fame) became the bride of the popular glove and hosiery buyer, B. M. Clarke. The management and buyers presented the groom with a handsome upholstered chair as a mark of esteem.

The Campaign for 10,000 New Customers

By F. S. GARNER

THAT Vancouver store is alert to take full advantage of conditions as they exist in this vicinity is proven by the campaign for 10,000 new customers which started on Monday, April 9th, and is already bringing good results.

Credit for the idea of the drive is due to our merchandise manager, A. J. Watson, who has been at a loss for years to

understand why, with a store such as we have and values such as we offer, backed by a service that permits of no customer being dissatisfied, this store wasn't doing a great deal more business than it is.

Mr. Watson eventually hit upon this idea, which promises to prove resultful.

The magnitude of the campaign was evident from the first, so that a special committee was formed to take care of it. On this committee was a representative of every part of the store service, from the management down to the staff, including the restaurant and elevator service.

The advertising manager was elected chairman. Meetings were arranged and preliminaries were discussed. A special letter telling of the campaign was sent to every member of the staff and, to maintain the personal touch which is to form a big part of the campaign, each letter was signed.

Special inserts were gotten out for the sales clerks to put into the customers' parcels to further promulgate the personal interest, and others to be given to new customers to sign.

To create enthusiasm among the staff, monetary prizes will be awarded each week to the person handing in the largest list of new customers they've found for the store. Floor managers enter into competition one with the other in getting the largest number of monthly accounts, and schemes are on the way to get everyone in the store as enthusiastic as the campaign committee itself, which is made up of the following members:

F. S. Garner (*chairman*), C. L. Greer (*secretary*), Chas. Skelly, Hamber, A. Taylor, G. S. Farthing, W. E. Almas, F. Becklake, F. B. Joliffe, Miss R. Smith, Mrs. Milne.

The first newspaper advertisement created considerable public interest. The window display added more inter-



est to the event, and campaign cards in every window placed the event indelibly on the minds of the thousands of people who pass the store.

On Monday morning following, the personnel of the store seemed changed. Clerks were anxious, keyed up as it were, and eager to do their part. The first day of the campaign netted 543 new customers. The committee have a number of ideas which they expect to launch later to keep the interest up. In the meantime, "10,000 new customers by the end of 1923" is their objective—and everyone believes they'll reach it.

VICTORIA



Queen of the May

MISS Victoria Irene Arnall is the Hudson's Bay Company's nominee for queen of the Maytime frolic on May 24th, 25th and 26th.

Miss Arnall's first name is *Victoria*. She was born in *Victoria* in the last year of Queen *Victoria*'s reign. She is one of the most popular members of the H.B.C. *Victoria* store staff—surely a most qualified person to reign over the *Victoria Maytime frolic*.

Miss Arnall has been chosen by the H.B.C. store management with full endorsement of the employees' association.

The committee invites every employee to co-operate in securing victory for our candidate and extends a special invitation to all other Hudson's Bay Company's stores to join in the effort being made. Let us all pull together and win!

They Are All Boys

Mr. Jones, who keeps us so well posted with news through the medium of the bulletin board, Mr. Danby, of the drapery department, and Mr. Beck, whose specialty is men's shirts, have each been presented with a son. Congratulations to them all—fathers and sons.

Cricket

The Hudson's Bay cricket club have been putting their house in order and preparing themselves generally for another successful season. They have entered the Wednesday league and will use the Jubilee hospital grounds.

Baseball

Judging by the daily exhibitions by various members of the store staff on the vacant lot opposite the rear of the store, baseball will figure very prominently in sporting activities during the coming season. If you are a baseball player be sure to let the sports secretary have your name.

H.B.C. Golf Champion

The Good Friday championship was won by J. Davidson. Some of the less fortunate players are of the opinion that it was the new golf suit which brought all the luck, but to those who have seen Mr. Davidson's play it's very evident that he won *in spite* of that new golf suit.

Promotions

We were sorry to see Mr. Tasker leave *Victoria*, but we wish him the greatest measure of luck in his new position as accountant in the H.B.C. Vernon store.

As a token of kindly feeling and high regard in which he was held by the members of our staff, Mr. Tasker on the day of his departure was presented with a purse of money.

As treasurer of the employees' association, Mr. Tasker rendered invaluable

service, and his kindly counsel and sound advice will be greatly missed by the members of the executive committee.

As a result of Mr. Tasker having been transferred to Vernon, the following members of the office staff have been promoted:

Mr. Campbell to assistant accountant.

Mr. Merryweather to cashier.

Miss Law to ledger keeper.

Miss Hall's "Thank You"

By the time the May number of *The Beaver* is issued, we hope to see Miss Hall back in the advertising office. Her numerous friends around the store are pleased to know that she is rapidly recovering her health and strength. Through the medium of *The Beaver* Miss Hall wishes to thank all those who called to see her at the hospital and in other ways showed such kindly feeling towards her.

Employees' Social and Dance

Under the auspices of the employees' association, a delightful social and dance was held on Tuesday evening, April 10th, with about three hundred or more attending. The *Victorian* restaurant was kindly lent for the occasion by the store management.

Grocery Department Entertains

The members of the grocery department were hosts and hostesses at another successful social and dance at the Old Men's Home, Willows. The very excellent musical programme included songs by Miss Redman, Messrs. Haines and Redman and pianoforte solo by Miss Walsh.

Craigflower Farm

The clubhouse at Craigflower farm is already looking spic and span in its new coat of white paint, while the various alterations inside are progressing satisfactorily. Members are invited to pay an early visit to this property and see for themselves the wonderful possibilities for recreation and sport.

It is an ideal spot for summer camping and several sites have already been leased for this purpose.

To avoid disappointment, intending campers should make early application to members of the camping committee.

New Departure in Social Entertainment

E. C. Bayliss, of the hardware department, is certainly right up to date when it comes to entertaining his friends.

On a recent evening his fellow employees on the lower main floor were entertained at his home to a most enjoyable and intensely interesting radio concert. Music was heard from Calgary, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

During the evening, Mr. Bayliss transmitted a concert consisting of Victrola selections and contralto solos by Miss E. Hastings.

We trust our radio friends in Calgary and other points enjoyed the entertainment.

CALGARY

H.B.C. Orchestra

THE orchestra has been improving rapidly since last reports, and is getting to be quite a well-liked part of the welfare association's activities. In addition to its work at the smoker, the organization was invited to broadcast a concert over the morning *Albertan* radio on April 19th. This concert was broadcasted from the *Plaza* downtown by means of the remote control system perfected by W. W. Grant of the Alberta radio station.

Seated in the hall of the *Plaza*, the orchestra gave its selections. The sound was picked up by means of powerful microphones overhead and carried to the broadcasting station at Crescent Heights.

Five numbers were played, including three *ensembles* and two specials—a cornet solo and baritone solo with violin obligato.

Reports indicate that a very favorable impression was made on listeners by the work of the organization.

The orchestra has an enrollment of fifteen regular members as follows:

O. J. Hughes, city shipping department, director.

Mrs. Langiella, mezzanine salesroom, pianist.

Miss Fairley, music department, pianist.

Misses Therriault, jewelry department, and *Forbes*, audit office, violinists.

Messrs. Andrew, carpet department, *Cameron*, grocery order room; *Campbell*, music department; *McLaughlan*, wholesale tobaccos; *Villey*, floorman; *Blake*, advertising manager, violinists.

Mr. Sharpe, sign writer, flute.

Mr. Vanner, superintendent of adjustment bureau, cornet.

Mr. Jamieson, optician, trombone.

Mr. Spicer, elevators, drums.

In addition there are one or two other members of the staff who have occasionally played at practices with the organization, and it is confidently expected that before long the management will be able to add several other essential instruments.

Golf Notes

New golf links have been constructed at the H.B.C. welfare association athletic grounds at Parkdale. For several years the association here has had its own private links and club house and, as more and more members of the staff became interested in the game, the need for new links has been greatly felt because the old links were laid out in limited territory and were nearly all on the level ground, making the course not so sporty as is desirable. Furthermore, the character of the ground in some places of the course is not particularly suitable for pleasure in golf.

This year both men and women of the staff in large numbers have signified their intentions of taking up the royal and ancient game. To fill the need for a good course, the directors of the welfare association leased a large tract of land north of the old links and, under the direction of Superintendent W. R. Reader, of the city parks department, the new links were constructed.

The H.B.E.W.A. is greatly indebted to Mr. Reader for the enthusiastic interest he took in getting a good course constructed. He has been successful in putting in as sporty a nine holes (about 2500 yards) as any golfer could want. There are natural hazards on seven of the nine holes, which include as features a plateau hole, two gully holes and a sloping green. The greens are oil and sand, which is expected will be a great improvement over the greens constructed from ordinary prairie soil.

Although about one hundred and fifty of the staff have joined the new golf section of the association, it was decided to permit outsiders to

join also and to use the course, because there are many friends of employees who would be glad to play with them over their own course. Only a limited number of outside membership cards will be issued in order to make sure that the members of the welfare association will be fully cared for.

Other Athletics

In addition to the plans for golf the welfare association has taken up this year other athletic activities with greatly increased enthusiasm. Baseball will again be popular, and the chairman of the committee has plans for an extremely successful season on the improved diamond.

A cricket pitch is being constructed south of the club house. Heretofore H.B.C. cricketers have had to play on other grounds, and the new pitch will undoubtedly be popular.

The tennis court is being improved and undoubtedly will draw a great deal of patronage. It is already assured that the summer sports will furnish more interesting news items this year than ever before.

Slogan Contest

THE sales promotion committee, a short time ago, started a prize contest for the best slogan which would explain "why we should buy in the store from which we receive our pay." This contest was inaugurated and run for educational purposes among the staff.

A number of good slogans was received and prizes were awarded as follows: *First Prize*, \$3 merchandise bond—C. H. Campbell, music department, for the slogan, "Sell confidence in our goods through buying them ourselves." *Second Prize*, \$2 merchandise bond—W. L. Cameron, grocery order room, for the slogan, "Show confidence in what you sell by buying it yourself." *Third Prize*, \$1 merchandise bond—Miss C. B. Rankin, credit office, for the slogan, "Shop here and save 15."

Mr. Sparling explained, in awarding the prizes, there were a great many slogans received which expressed the same idea as the first two prize winners, but in poorer form and in most cases with more words than the limit of ten established for the contest.

He also explained that the judges' decision was that the difference between first and second prize winners was the difference between "Inducing

confidence in others by showing it ourselves" as against merely "showing it ourselves." It was felt that the first slogan expressed the idea more completely.

A great many other slogans were received which, purely as slogans, were very good, and in most cases they expressed good reasons why we should buy from our own store, but in less definite and easily understood form. Judges of the contest were Messrs. Mason, Vair and Blake.

Staff Meeting

As a means of instilling enthusiasm on the opening of our standardized merchandise week, Mr. Sparling addressed a general meeting on the second floor at 8.30 a.m., April 19th.

A few musical selections were furnished by the staff orchestra, followed by an address with reference to the special event by Mr. Sparling, and the presentation of several rewards for merit.

The most notable was the giving of one of the Company's distinguished merit buttons to M. Burns, of the grocery order room, for his remarkably fine spirit in giving one quart of his blood to Mr. Frankish, of Winnipeg, in a blood transfusion operation. Mr. Burns was one of a number who volunteered almost as soon as the call went out and was accepted for his youth and good condition.

In addition to the merit button recommended for Mr. Burns by the awards committee, he was given a membership in the H.B.E.W.A. golf club and a fine set of golf clubs and bag by the members of the welfare association as an appreciation of his fine deed.

The prizes for the slogan contest (mentioned elsewhere) were also given at this meeting.

J. W. Frankish, buyer for the notions department at Winnipeg store, was suddenly stricken ill while here arranging for taking care of Calgary's needs on a European buying trip. He was rushed to the hospital and given the best of medical attention. As he was so far from home, the welfare association, through its regular channels, stood nobly to the task of caring for Mr. Frankish and making every ar-

rangement. Although not fully recovered, he was removed to his home at Winnipeg on April 19th. The whole Calgary staff regret this misfortune to Mr. Frankish and his family.

VERNON B.C.

Suggestion Sales Competition

The suggestion sales competition was originated and introduced by Mr. Andrews with the object of increasing the sales at a slack time in business.

Before the competition started, on the 15th of March, Mr. Andrews instructed each of the teams with regard to suggestive sales, and pointed out the difference between "introductory" and "suggestive" sales.

Each team has a captain and a color, and the members are permitted to wear their respective colors if they so choose. The captain of each team collects the amount of the suggestive sales every day and the amounts are posted the following morning.

At the end of one month the side that is in the lead in dollars and cents is declared the winning team and is considered the champion team for the next six months. There are three prizes for the largest amount of individual "suggestion sales:" First \$10, second \$7.50, and third \$5. The teams are:

Greens

Miss M. Sargent (captain)
Miss J. Dougan
Miss N. Whitelegg
Mr. L. Miller
Mr. H. Campbell
Mr. Reid
Miss M. McCormick

Reds

Miss W. Chadwick (captain)
Miss A. M. Sargent
Mr. Winterhalder
Mr. C. Sell
Miss M. Muir
Mr. Wellman
Miss Larson.

We are sorry to lose Miss Esther Dandy, correspondent for *The Beaver* at this branch, who has been with the Company the last three years. We wish her every success in her new venture.

SOME FLOOR WALKER

Wild-eyed lady, to gentleman just inside the main door: "Where is the manager of the floral department?"

"Floor oil department, madam? Try Mr. Beatty, upstairs."

"Flower department, man; not floor oil."

"Oh, flour, sorry madam. Try Mr. Henderson, grocery department."

"No! Not flour! FLOWERS, man."

"Try Mr. Masters, candy department then."

"Bah, candy department! Say, what kind of a floor manager are you anyway?"

"I'm not the floor manager. Merely waiting for my wife."

Miss R. Barraclough is taking the position vacated by Miss Dandy, and we all wish her every success.

Miss A. K. Smith paid us a visit on her way to Europe on Tuesday, April 3rd. Mr. Milne spent a busy day going over her requirements for fall, and says he can bank on Miss Smith giving him something worth while.

Robert Watson, accountant at Vernon for the past five years and who has been appointed to a similar position at Saskatoon, was presented before his departure with a handsome set of carvers and an electric percolator. Though we regret his going, it is very gratifying to know that his merits have been recognized.

Mr. Tasker, from H.B.C. Victoria store, has arrived to take over Mr. Watson's duties as accountant and to him we extend a very hearty welcome into the midst of our happy family. Mr. Tasker, before going to Victoria, was accountant at MacLeod, so that his coming here to be again with Mr. Barnett is like coming home again.

Miss A. K. Smith was a visitor for a day in connection with her buying trip to the European markets. This lady, although brimming over with business from "millinery to footwear," yet finds time to add to her large list of friends and admirers during these flying visits. We wish her another safe and successful trip to Europe and return.

If there is no Caledonian society in Saskatoon, we know where there will be a perfectly good highland costume

all complete (even to the Prince Charlie tie) for sale cheap. But who the d— else would it fit?

Some one had the audacity to show Miss Livingstone a report from Winnipeg on weather conditions at Easter. But there was no scrap. Zero weather and blizzards are nothing to her now, when from the windows of her department one can see the hills all beautifully green. She was heard to exclaim, "Ain't nature grand!"

Just now when, according to the poet, "A young man's fancy turns, etc.," we have two lonely little near-grass widows in the store, as both of their young men have sought pastures green. Easter Sunday, beautiful day, glad rags, and nobody to enjoy them with, they were seen sitting on the steps of the high school listening to the symphony orchestra and gazing into space. Misery likes sympathy, anyway. "'Tis tuff, sisters, 'tis tuff."

Welfare Association

A general meeting of the welfare association was held in the public rest room on March 29th. President A. MacDonald having resigned, the chair was taken by vice-president A. Milne.

The following officers were elected for the next six months: *President*, A. A. Milne; *vice-president*, E. H. Macnab; *sec.-treas.*, Miss S. L. Cozens; *welfare committee*, Misses F. A. Hewson, G. Sanderson, M. E. Sargent, and H. Nixon, J. T. Lidstone; *social committee*, H. Campbell, L. A. Miller, Misses J. Dougans, M. McCormick, M. E. Nixon. Each committee to elect their own chairman.

Mr. Andrews extended a vote of thanks to the retiring officers for the enjoyable social times we have had during the winter months, the success of which has been due to the efforts put forth by the various committees.

Special praise was given to Miss Sanderson, chairwoman of the welfare committee, for her actions and words of cheer have been greatly appreciated by many members of the staff who have been away on sick leave this fall.

In conclusion Mr. Andrews expressed a wish that the new officers would meet with similar success.

Examinations for the H.B.C. St. John's ambulance association were held on Tuesday evening, March 20th. The questions were splendidly chosen, as they covered almost all our work and were absolutely practical. Dr. Irving was the examiner and also acted as patient for the bandaging, splints, etc. We are all hoping for success.

Miss M. Muir, who was formerly employed in the groceteria, has been transferred to the dry goods department. *Miss A. Carruthers* has taken charge of the groceteria.

After being postponed for two weeks, our sewing circle was held at the home of *Miss F. Hewson*. *Miss Hewson* and *Miss W. Chadwick* entertained with music during the evening.

LETHBRIDGE

The Style Show

ANOTHER H.B.C. style display can be recorded as a decided success; that is, according to public expression.

This event was staged at the Colonial theatre, five performances being given, a matinee on Wednesday afternoon and two shows each evening of Wednesday and Thursday. The curtain rose showing a woodland scene; two heralds draped in white posed on pedestals, and two little girls came out of a large pink shell and danced the spring dance to delightful music, the whole scene being a representation of bursting of spring. Immediately after this, Mr. Sangster, our display manager, draped a living model with new French silks, creating a beautiful evening gown. This innovation was splendidly received by the crowds present. After this the final curtain went up showing an interior with two large style books, the covers of which opened to allow living models to come through one after the other, showing the lovely new gowns and suits to the fullest advantage. A continuous performance was given, there being two or three models constantly on view to the public.

Altogether 37 changes of costume were shown in the space of forty-five

minutes. The theatre was packed, and on the first night the people were lined up outside the building even after the inside was filled. Much credit is due to Mr. Sangster, Miss Thomas and the ladies of the ready-to-wear department, also other members of the staff, for giving cheerfully their entire co-operation, which made the entire event such a success.

A SHORT STORY

Tucked away in Theodore Roosevelt's diary, written a number of years ago but just come to light, are four entries covering four days, these entries containing in all just eight words. But in these eight words you'll find much of the story—and glory of Roosevelt. Who can read them and not get a thrill from the tremendous will-power, drive and grit of the man.

While in the wilds of Africa, Col. Roosevelt was stricken by one of those sudden but often deadly tropical fevers. It came upon him in the heart of the jungle, far from expert medical aid, and deprived of the ease and comfort of the modern sick room. It was truly a time of peril.

But this is all he wrote:

July 16—Fever. Wrote.

July 17—Fever. Wrote.

July 18—Feeling better.

July 19—Five hippos.

A story in eight words, complete in itself, and needing nothing to drive home its point.

Last time it was a duke and now it's an earl. The streams of this vicinity seem to be full of aristocratic fish and the girls seem to be putting on the right bait. No, this is not the same girl.

Department manager, to lady in department—Wouldn't you be well advised to buy a card of large safety pins to prevent a possible accident?

Young lady to department manager—In case of need we have quite a stock of ribbons.

We imagine that Mr. Leason would look good in a nice new uniform now that he has a (new) car. Maybe if he hasn't much chance of a new uniform he will get a new harness. It looks that way.

The question is "Does Roy like kalsomining?" He said, "not so bad; but I do object to Mr. Mundy changing the color of my coat."

The old saying, "the mills of the gods turn slowly, but grind exceeding fine,"

might not be changed to "the mills of Neidig grind exceedingly fast; also exceedingly fine."

Lethbridge was visited recently by one of those April showers which we all appreciate.

Speaking of showers, there is word of arranging a shower for Mr. Young, whose wife is returning from Scotland after an absence of two years on a visit to parents. And James, being from Northern parts, says "that's a' richt."

With weather like this, the island, the canoe and the girl will be in Alfie's mind.

G. Crump, manager of the toy, hardware and paint departments, left on his semi-annual visit to the eastern markets on Friday, April 13th.

EDMONTON

Marie Gaboury

First White Woman in Edmonton

By J. PREST

MARIE Gaboury was the wife of J. Baptiste Lajimoniere, one of the most famous scouts of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1808. J. Baptiste had gone down to Quebec the year before, and while in the parish of Three Rivers had captured the heart of Marie, who then came west to the wilderness as his wife. The following year, the first white child of the west was born, and they called her Reine. To the Indians Madam Lajimoniere was almost a goddess, the first white woman they had ever seen. They waited upon her hand and foot, caressed her soft skin and hair and lavished presents upon her.

It appears that Lajimoniere soon left the employ of the H.B.C. and joined the rival traders, the North-West Company, who were planning an expedition up the Saskatchewan. The brigade was in charge of Henry, who had organized a party of fifty men at Pembina, together with a number of free traders. It was his intention to build a fort at Edmonton in competition with the Hudson's Bay Company, who had been established there since 1796.

Lajimoniere and his young bride were soon facing the perils of this adventure. Word of the white woman and her child ran before the advancing traders, and wherever a halt was made Indians flocked to see her. Lajimoniere thought it well to protect her by spreading in advance the report that the white woman had the power of the evil eye. If people offended her she could cause their death by merely looking at them. This ruse served well its purpose until they reached Fort Edmonton. This was the danger spot, the battle centre of fierce tribal wars between Blackfoot and Cree. Marauding bands were ever on the alert to catch the traders napping. So great was the danger at this time that the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company agreed to build the palisades of their respective forts interlocked for mutual protection. The huge gates gave passage so that the whites could communicate without exposing themselves to the hostile Indians. Bastions which bristled with muskets and cannon commanded the entrances, and many were the times when the valley of the Saskatchewan resounded with the roar of cannon and muzzle-loaders in the hands of men both of the Hudson's Bay and North-West companies alike.

Here, then, came Marie with her child in 1808 to live in Edmonton for four years. Many tales are told of Marie Gaboury, of her adventures and escapes from marauding Indians, of her narrow escape from a stampeding herd of buffalo, and the untold hardships which the modern woman would never dream could be possible and yet live.

We are still too close to these events of early western life to appreciate what the early settlers endured. A hundred years from now such women as Marie Lajimoniere will be regarded as Boadiceas and Joans of Arc of the New World.

Often have I sat in reverie on the banks of the Saskatchewan on the very spot where old Fort Edmonton once stood sentinel over thousands of square miles of primeval wilderness, an outpost of British enterprise. Often have I pictured the wars with redskins, the feuds of rival traders, the hardships suffered and the heart-breaking loneliness of the long winter nights spent by the little garrison of old Fort

Edmonton, for 200 years cut off from civilization by a thousand miles or more of prairie, forest and swamp.

Today, within a stone's throw of the fort's historic site rise up the palatial structure of the provincial parliament buildings, a fitting climax to the glories of a dead past. The wilderness has been transformed into a network of railroads, a checker-board of cultivated fields, towns and villages. Old Fort Edmonton has gone forever to that mellow, golden age of a historic past—gone but not forgotten.

Mr. Hughes, department manager of the home furnishings department, has returned from an extensive buying trip visiting the leading eastern markets. He reports business conditions in the east improving, and is very optimistic for the return to normal conditions in the west.

Miss N. Nicholson has been transferred to the advertising department, filling the vacancy left by *Miss E. Drew*, who has been transferred to the mail order department.

We are pleased to welcome the following newcomers to the store: *Mr. Watson* of the traffic department, *Miss Marsden* of the ladies' ready-to-wear department, *Miss Keyes* of the silverware department, *Miss Dyson* of the hosiery, *Miss Smith* of the *Hudsonia* restaurant.

James Wright, assistant window trimmer, is again confined to his home through sickness, and has evidently not quite recovered from the effects of his recent operation.

Miss Lola Hepburn has returned after two or three weeks' absence with an attack of pleurisy.

Miss Keyes has filled the vacancy left open by the transfer of *Miss Nicholson* from the silverware department to the advertising department. We are pleased to welcome her to our ranks.

Miss Reid, of the china section, after five years of faithful service, severed her connection with the store to be married. Upon her departure she was presented with a silver tea service by *Mr. Cunningham*, the superintendent, on behalf of the Company.

Miss Gladys Prideaux, of the drug section, is looking hale and hearty after her six weeks' leave of absence spent at the coast for her health.

Miss M. Gould, of the groceries, is once again in her accustomed place after a week or so of sickness. *Mr. Taylor* was especially glad to see her back to help him out with stacks of invoices which threatened to reach the roof.

Miss Thornhill, of the H.B.C. London and Paris buying office, was a recent visitor to the Edmonton store. A week was devoted to the special display of exclusive European models in suits, gowns, wraps, blouses, lingerie and millinery which *Miss Thornhill* brought with her for sale. The results of this new venture were very gratifying.

Sports for 1923

PLANS are well under way for an active season for sports.

The ladies' basketball team have already organized and will again enter the ladies' mercantile basketball league. It is expected that our new team will be able to bring home the H.B.C. cup this year, especially after running into the final game of last season and only losing by a narrow margin. Several new players have been signed on who look promising, adding new strength. It is expected that no less than fourteen teams will make application for entry into the league.

The men's baseball team is also getting ready to enter the amateur baseball league, and we are hoping that the H.B.C. will make themselves felt during the series of games this coming season.

The tennis club is also making arrangements for a season of games on the splendid H.B.C. courts which were constructed last year.

Gruesome Tragedy

On Saturday, April 14th, soon after the store had opened, an ear-splitting crash startled pedestrians wending their way past the store to business, who, upon turning to see what had happened, were appalled to see the figure of a young lady prostrate on the sidewalk with head completely severed from the body.

For several tense moments the crowd stood spellbound and too horrified to move. Just then two men in shirt-sleeves were seen to rush from the store and gather up the poor mangled body, while another picked up the head (which was lying several feet away) by the hair, and make a hurried entry into the store.

Still the crowd stood speechless, not knowing what had really happened, until one of them became conscious of the fact that the window trimmers were

smiling complacently at them through a large, broken window pane. It was not until then that the truth dawned upon them. A wax figure, completely dressed in correct spring apparel, had toppled over and crashed through the plate glass window pane onto the busy thoroughfare of Jasper avenue.

SASKATOON

Mrs. Benton, formerly of the ready-to-wear department, was given a very enjoyable farewell party at the home of Miss Irene O'Reilly previous to her departure for Detroit. The guest of honor was taken completely by surprise when a number of her friends from "The Bay" arrived and presented her with a handsome silk umbrella, gloves and hose. The evening was pleasantly spent with music and dancing, after which refreshments were served. Regrets were expressed at Mrs. Benton's departure, and sincere good wishes follow her to her new home.

We wonder why a certain young lady on the second floor is buying farmerettes and sunbonnets. The latest report from Dundurn—one hundred chickens just out.

The third floor is wondering what the frequent visits of Miss Edbrooke, of the ladies' wear, to the furniture department mean.

Mrs. Frost provided the thrill of the evening at the last welfare dance by introducing a new feature called the "back glide."

The office staff is wondering what is wrong with Miss Jean Meech's footwear these days. Her constant visits to the shoe department are causing much speculation as to what the attraction is.

April 5th, 6th and 7th were busy days for our operator and the young lady from the music department. In addition to being excellent actresses, they were splendid advertisements for our hosiery department.

We welcome Miss W. Williamson to our midst. She is a newcomer in the jewelry department.

We notice the manager of the show department is "delighted" with the progress of the arch defender shoe. How do we notice it? By the reflection of his face.

We always thought Bob Ballentyne a very quiet, sedate and dignified young gentleman, but our minds have changed "some" since the night he took a tumble down the stairs leading to the cloak room.

Mr. Faulkner, buyer for the men's furnishings, has returned from the east.

We would like to know who the young lady was who asked the assistant of displays to have the last dance at our "At Home." She certainly was acting up to the times, but why was he so slow to respond?

Miss Nellie Cowie, of the house furnishings, is taking a trip to the coast and intends visiting Victoria and Vancouver.

At Home

The "At Home" held in the store on the evening of April 12th by the H.B.C. employees' welfare association was an outstanding success. The *Imperial* restaurant was utilized for the whist drive. Dancing on the fifth floor, followed by a tempting lunch, completed an enjoyable evening.

Boxing Tournament

The boxing tournament under the direction of the athletic committee staged on the fifth floor of the store on the evening of April 9th proved a big drawing card. There was action in every bout, the contestants being evenly matched.

Miss Thornhill

The private dining room of the *Imperial* restaurant was utilized for the display of European fashions personally selected by Miss Thornhill, the fashion expert of the H.B.C. London buying office. The ladies of Saskatoon turned out in large numbers to witness the display, which was held on April 16th, 17th and 18th.

Robert Watson, formerly of Vernon, B.C., comes to Saskatoon as chief accountant. We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Watson. His fame as an author makes him quite an attraction for the Saskatoon store.

Mr. Horne is the new grocery manager, who received a warm welcome in Saskatoon. By the way, the following will be of interest to his many friends: To Mr. and Mrs. Horne, a son, Saturday, April 7th.

J. P. McNichol, advertising manager, returned on April 1st, after convalescing in Detroit, Mich., from his recent serious illness.

Mr. Bently has left the service of the Company to go into business at Halifax. He was the recipient of a handsome ebony set on the eve of his departure.

We notice that a certain preacher, and popular ex-employee of H.B.C. store, is apparently well liked by the young ladies on the second floor.

WINNIPEG

F.T.C.O. News

Among the H.B.C. fur trade men visiting Winnipeg this month in connection with Company's business at the fur trade Commissioner's office are:

Chris Harding, of York Factory, district manager for Nelson River, who came out by dog train to the end of steel on the H.B.R. and thence by train to The Pas and Winnipeg, arriving, Tuesday, April 17th. Mr. Harding is always his same cheerful self whenever met on these infrequent trips to civilization. He reports having passed a quiet winter at York, the only departure from routine being a winter journey overland to the Ontario boundary in February. This trip was made to show a band of Indians where it is lawful to kill beaver, in view of the Manitoba closed season.

C. C. Sinclair, district manager for Athabasca, who looks to be quite recovered from his illness of last year. Mr. Sinclair says it gave him back all of his oldtime vigor to take to the trail again last fall and winter, inspecting posts, after an enforced idleness of several months from sickness.



WHO
IS
THIS
?
A well
known
saleslady
of the
main
floor,
retail
30
You
have
three
guesses.

THE SET OF THE SAIL

One ship sails east and one sails west

*By the selfsame wind that blows.
It's the set of the sail and not the gale*

*That determines the way it goes.
Like the winds of the seas are the ways of fate—*

*As we journey along through life—
It's the set of the soul that determines the goal*

And not the stress nor the strife.

WHOLESALE—DEPOT

Curlers' Windup

By ALEX. THOMPSON

WHOLESALE department curlers terminated one of their most successful curling seasons on the evening of April 6th.

A few friendly games of curling were played in the early part of the evening, after which the members adjourned to the club rooms of the Terminal rink for the presentation of prizes and light refreshments.

Mr. Brock took the chair and, after a few remarks regarding the successful season just closed, called upon Mr. McMicken, to present the prizes.

Several fine speeches on how the prizes were won and the true sportsmanship and goodfellowship shown among the teams were heard. After the presentation of prizes, a few games of whist and five hundred were played. Music supplied by a Victrola and a large selection of records kindly loaned by Mr. Brock and Mr. Paul was also greatly enjoyed.

The party adjourned about eleven o'clock, feeling quite delighted with the grand evening's entertainment and the termination of a successful season's curling.

The prize winners were as follows;

First—Nairn (skip), Brotherage, Sutherland, Pocock, White (sub.).

Second—Brock (skip), Heaney, Foley, Harris, Swan (sub.).

Third—Poitras (skip), Watson, Douglas, Knowles.

A. P. Evans to Vancouver

A. P. EVANS, for four years manager of the grocery, tobacco and confectionery department of the Hudson's Bay Company wholesale department at Winnipeg, has been transferred to the Vancouver branch, where he will assume charge of the H.B.C. wholesale depot, beginning May 1st.

He was in charge of the Company's retail grocery department at Calgary for eight years prior to 1918.

Mr. Evans has many friends in Winnipeg, particularly among the curling and golfing fraternity. Aside from being a grocery expert, he is a hockey enthusiast, rarely missing a regular game throughout the season.

On his departure, Mr. Evans was presented by the staff with a fine set of Royal Doulton china.

H.B.C. Tennis Association

By R. DOUGLAS

A MEETING of H.B.C. tennis enthusiasts was held on April 11th, when preliminary arrangements were made for the coming season.

We had a very successful season last year, but it is considered that the courts are not patronized by the Company's employees to the extent that they should be. We have one of the finest courts in town, and, as every encouragement is given to beginners, it is hoped that a larger number of employees will join up for the coming season.

Owing to the fact that the Company grant the association the use of the ground rent free, the fees charged to staff members are very reasonable—ladies \$3, and men \$5 for the season. A limited number of friends of employees can also be admitted as associate members—fees, ladies \$7.50, men \$10.

It was the wish of the association that Mr. Harrison continue to act as secretary-treasurer, but unfortunately Mr. Harrison was unable to accept nomination. George Bowdler (retail store) was re-elected president, R. Douglas (stores administration) was elected secretary, and W. Paul (wholesale department) treasurer.

Arrangements have been completed to have the courts put in shape with the least possible delay, and it is anticipated that play will start about May 1st.

All prospective members are urged to join up now and to play as frequently as possible throughout the summer months.

If a sufficient number come forward and finances permit, it is hoped to erect a pavilion on the grounds early in the season.

THE GREATEST THINGS

The greatest sin—fear.

The best day—to-day.

The biggest fool—the girl or boy who will not go to school.

The greatest deceiver—one who deceives himself.

The greatest mistake—giving up.

The most expensive indulgence—hate.

The cheapest, stupidest and easiest thing to do—finding fault.

The greatest trouble maker—talking too much.

The worst bankrupt—the soul that has lost its enthusiasm.

The cleverest man—one who always does what he thinks is right.

The best teacher—one who makes you want to learn.

The best part of anyone's religion—gentleness and cheerfulness.

The meanest feeling—jealousy.

The greatest need—common sense.

The best gift—forgiveness.

Land Dept. Annual Dinner

The land department curlers' annual dinner was held in the H.B.C. restaurant March 23rd. Members of the fur trade and the executive departments who played in the land department curling league during the season and guests from the retail stores contributed largely to the success of the evening.

The chair at this, the third banquet, was taken by the Land Commissioner. His introductory remarks were, in part, as follows: "I feel it is perhaps not out of order to make brief reference on this occasion to the business activities of the land department during the fiscal year now closing. You all know conditions have been difficult in our particular line of work, but this state of affairs has not deterred or lessened our enthusiasm, and by persistent team work and exercise of economy without impairment of efficiency the results

achieved may be considered very satisfactory under the circumstances.

"During the twelve months ahead of us many problems will have to be tackled and solved, and while we are of course nearer the termination of the depression I do not look for a rapid revival of business or a quick return to normal, but it seems reasonable to anticipate a gradual improvement in new business, a fair share of which should accrue to the Company.

"I wish particularly to express appreciation to the heads of the various land department units and their respective staffs, not forgetting the staffs at Edmonton and Victoria, for the loyal co-operation and very evident desire of all to further the Company's interests. These things have brought about tangible results, and I trust will continue to do so.

"The Company has two great assets which I will ask you always to remember. The first is "good will," or in other words reputation, or honourable name. The second asset—equally important—is a loyal and efficient staff in Canada and abroad who fully recognize the first asset, and who intend at all costs to keep it. Once these assets are destroyed it would be almost impossible to build them up again.

"I will quote two old sayings which are always worth remembering in business life and can be well applied today in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company:

"Folks who never do any more than they get paid for, never get paid for any more than they do."

"When put to the test, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness."

"Let us continue to work happily and cheerfully together, always striving to further the Company's interest, maintain its good name, and to give the best possible service to the public whom we serve."

The entertainment which followed the presentation of prizes and toasts was excellent. The one-act play given by the fur trade staff was a feature.

H. F. Harman, Land Commissioner, visited Edmonton and the Pacific coast last month on Company's business.

Miss Olive Card last month became the bride of Tommy Gilchrist, and leaves the service after six years on the staff.

The travelling representatives will leave early this month for "points west."

Miss E. M. Morrison left the service last month and is now Mrs. Herbert Johnson, residing in Winnipeg.

General Office News

H. T. McCullagh, who has been in the service since July 11th, 1921, resigned on April 13th. He intends returning to Belfast about 1st June, after visiting friends in the United States. Of an old Loyalist family, he is anxious to again become an Ulster citizen; especially since taxation has been reduced there and all organized and political crimes have ceased to exist. As he has many friends in the parliament and government of Northern Ireland, we can confidently anticipate that he will have some part in shaping the future of the "Baby Dominion." We can quite understand McCullagh leaving on Friday, the 13th. But why was it necessary for Mapstone to air his wheel on the same day?

Anniversary Sale

EXTENSIVE preparations were made for the anniversary sale and, if zealous enthusiasm and hard work deserve success, the sale is destined to be a winner. What with the big party of April 25th, advance publicity in the shape of teaser ads., competitions between floors and extra bonus for salespeople, together with merchandise and values positively unequalled—no wonder the store personnel were all agog during April.

We are proud of our sale slogan, "Once a year—bigger and better every year," and everyone is striving to the utmost to live up to it.

A very modern note was struck in the publicity. Making use of the twentieth century's latest great invention, this oldest company in the world broadcasted an anniversary message from the Manitoba government radio station, reaching an invisible audience within a circle of hundreds of miles in extent.

THE assistant stores commissioners announce the following promotions:

Robert Watson, who has been accountant at the Vernon branch since November, 1917, has been transferred to a similar position at the Saskatoon store in lieu of Mr. Bentley, retired.

W. H. Tasker, of the Victoria store office staff, has been transferred to Vernon to take over Mr. Watson's duties at that point. Mr. Tasker entered the Company's service in October, 1918, as accountant at the Macleod store, and since the closing down of that branch has been successively employed in various capacities with the Company at Vancouver and Victoria.

Juvenile Living Models

DISPLAYING the togs of spring and Easter in a most charming manner, were the centre of attraction in the store's dining room March 26, 27 and 28. The performances (three in number) took place before packed audiences.

An unique feature was the huge fashion book, which opened and closed, letting out each little model in turn. Ranging in age from a tiny tot of three to a demure miss of twelve summers, the girls evoked rounds of applause at each appearance.

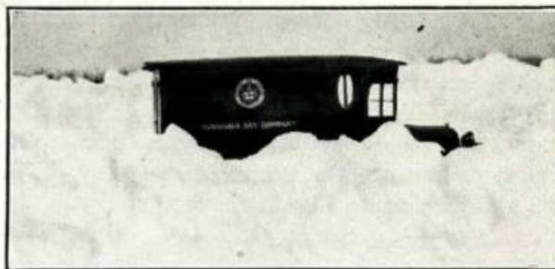
They made several changes each day, so that a great number of garments were shown in a manner not otherwise possible. In addition to the promenades, Miss Alfreda Shepherd and Miss Kathleen Newhouse, delightful little artistes of seven years each, sang and danced charmingly.

A novelty finale surprised everybody. Nearing the end of the programme, a porter suddenly appeared in the hall trucking a huge packing case. He dumped it upon the stage and began to pry off the lid. Suddenly out popped what? The children thought candy or an easter chick. No, it was a fairy, Miss Shepherd, who proceeded to sing and dance.

Free boxes of candy were distributed to every child who attended.

The results were noticeable in increased sales and in valuable interest evinced in the store's splendid gathering of children's apparel.

Credit is due Mr. Gilkerson, Miss Woodhead and her staff, Mr. Davison and assistants, who worked untiringly to make the affair one of the most successful the store has held.



The year of the Big Snow—March, 1923—bucking the drifts in Winnipeg. This is an actual photo of an H.B.C. delivery car on its regular route in the suburbs of Winnipeg. "It takes more than that to stop us" say the deliverymen. "After what we have gone through this year, the weather man can do his darndest; we'll deliver the goods!"

This is what appeared on a showcard order recently: "Stamped Kiddies' Rompers 99c." Can anyone tell us what "stamped kiddies" are? and how they stamp them?

It is good to be able to report that Tailor Sam Beggs is well on the road to convalescence, after a long bout with sleeping sickness. However, it will be some time yet before he can resume his duties.

Florence Winslow, our petite post mistress, was absent for three weeks undergoing an operation to her throat. She had quite a bad time, but is now, we are glad to say, much improved.

Mr. Jones says that his packing case bungalow can knock the spots off those packing case trucks of Mr. Drennan's.

We have heard that Ray Easter, of the delivery department, has found a worthy combatant upon whom he may test his strength. We trust the match was a success.

HOME BREW RECIPE

Chase wild bullfrogs for three miles and gather up the hops. To them add ten gallons of tan bark, half a pint of shellac and one bar of home-made soap. Boil 36 hours, then strain through an I.W.W. sock to keep it from working. Add one grasshopper to each pint to give it a kick. Pour a little into the kitchen-sink. If it takes the enamel off, it is ready for bottling.

There are trades and professions around us galore—two or three hundred and maybe some more. They all are quite useful, but I'm sure you'll agree there is one that is best—there simply must be. Display men are a hundred per cent. perfection. They make no mistakes, so need no correction. Their knowledge of all things is really amazing. Their skill in their

work is perfectly dazing. If display men don't know it, it's not worth knowing. They never boast; are not given to blowing. Display men are always truthful and honest, and, last but not least, they are frightfully modest. The mark to aim at—the height of endeavor—is to be a display man and will be forever.

G. Foster

Winnipeg store takes this occasion to thank Calgary for the kindly offices extended to our Mr. Frankish throughout his serious illness recently. Also for the kind attention shown Mrs. Frankish. We are all glad to know that he is in such good hands and is lacking nothing that will aid a speedy recovery. Latest reports are very gratifying, and we hope to see him back on the job in due course.

Miss Kate Smith, of Vancouver, is substituting for the European buying trip in place of Mr. Frankish, who was taken seriously sick in Calgary. She spent several days in the store in April.

Albert Sparling, of Vancouver, renewed acquaintances here during April *en route* home after an extended buying trip in the east.

A pitfall for the ad-man: We see by the news that a Miss Emma Garland, of Hamilton, Ont., was awarded \$500 damages in an action

against a department store where she was formerly employed. One of the store's ads. contained a jocose reference to "flirting with the blonde at the glove counter." Miss Garland, a blonde, happened to be stationed at the glove counter. Prest, Garner, Blake, McNichol, Woollard, *et al*, have a care!

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR

was in evidence at a little get-together party of the managers' Wednesday meeting which took place in the dining room, March 28th at 6.30 p.m.

Thirty persons enjoyed Chef Breitner's good fare. After the usual speeches, replies and jokes, chief offenders being W. R. Ogston, R. Leckie and S. D. Gilkerson, the committee invited all to try their luck. A veritable *Monte Carlo* was soon in full swing consisting of roulette, dice and crown and anchor.

Stage money changed hands with prodigal frequency, fortunes were made and unmade in a few minutes, and bedlam reigned. When the smoke cleared away, Messrs. Coulter and Ashbrooke were discovered in full command of a crown and anchor board with a stack of bills as high as their heads in front of each.

Miss O'Grady and Miss Parker had previously made a great clean-up at dice, but lost every cent to these two pros. "Men are such awful cheats, girls."

Life Insurance as an Investment

The small sum you pay each year as premiums on a Great-West Life policy added to thousands of other small sums gathered from thousands of other men like yourself and invested by us in highest class securities, earns for you a much better rate of interest than you could obtain by individual investment.

In this respect the Great-West Life Assurance Company has made a noteworthy record of profits paid to policyholders.

If it would interest you to learn of actual results of matured Great-West Life policies, write to

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "D-30"

Head Office: WINNIPEG, CANADA



The dots show the approximate locations of parcels of Hudson's Bay farm lands.
Each dot represents 160 to 640 acres.

3,000,000 Acres of Farming and Grazing LANDS

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY offers fertile farming tracts of 160 to 640 acres each in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta at \$10 to \$25 an acre. Three kinds—grain growing, mixed farming or stock raising land. Seven years to pay.

By the Deed of Surrender (1869) some 7,000,000 acres of lands were granted to the Hudson's Bay Company in the "Fertile Belt" of Western Canada. It was a specific condition of the grant that these lands were not to be comprised in one large block, but that certain sections or portions of sections should be set aside for the Company in every Township between Lake Winnipeg, Lake-of-the-Woods, their connecting waters, and summit of the Rocky Mountains—and between the North Saskatchewan river and the international boundary.

Approximately four million acres of H.B.C. lands have been sold in the fifty-two years since the Deed of Surrender at prices varying from an average minimum of \$4 per acre to an average maximum of \$25.00 per acre. It is estimated that upwards of seventy-five thousand people are included in the families which own or are settled on these farms.

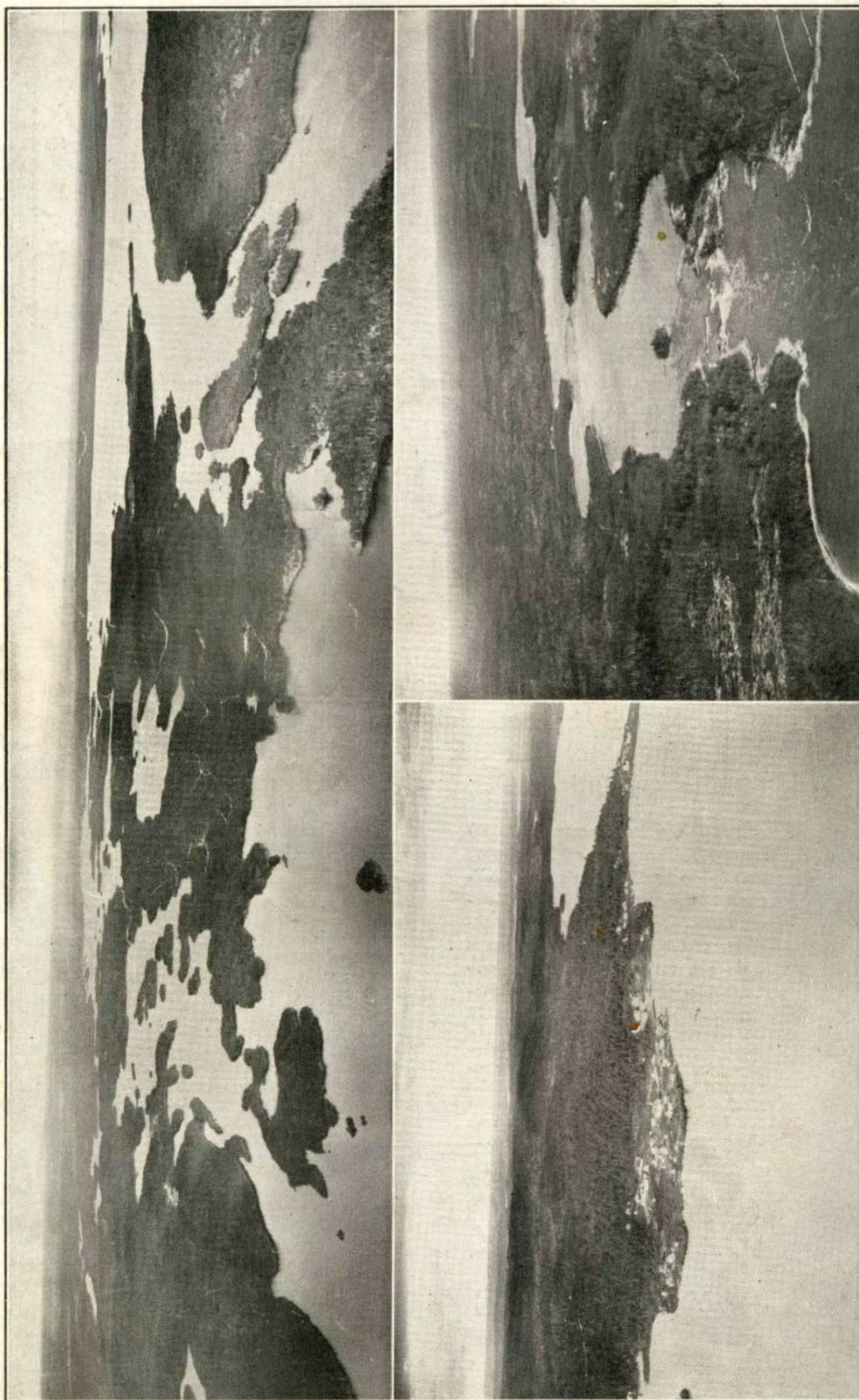
For detailed map of H.B.C. farm lands, prices, terms, information regarding crops, schools, churches, taxes, roads, etc., address Land Commissioner, Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

\$10 to \$25 an Acre

SEVEN YEARS TO PAY

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 27th MAY 1870.



THE FAR FUR COUNTRY northwest of The Pas, Manitoba. Upper view, Merond Lake (left) and Pelican Narrows (right); lower views, Pelican Narrows settlement (left) and Pine Falls, Winnipeg River (right). Official Air Board photographs taken by J. C. Cairns from an airplane and supplied to The Beaver by courtesy of R.C.A.F. Unit, Winnipeg